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THE REPORTER

November 18, 1954

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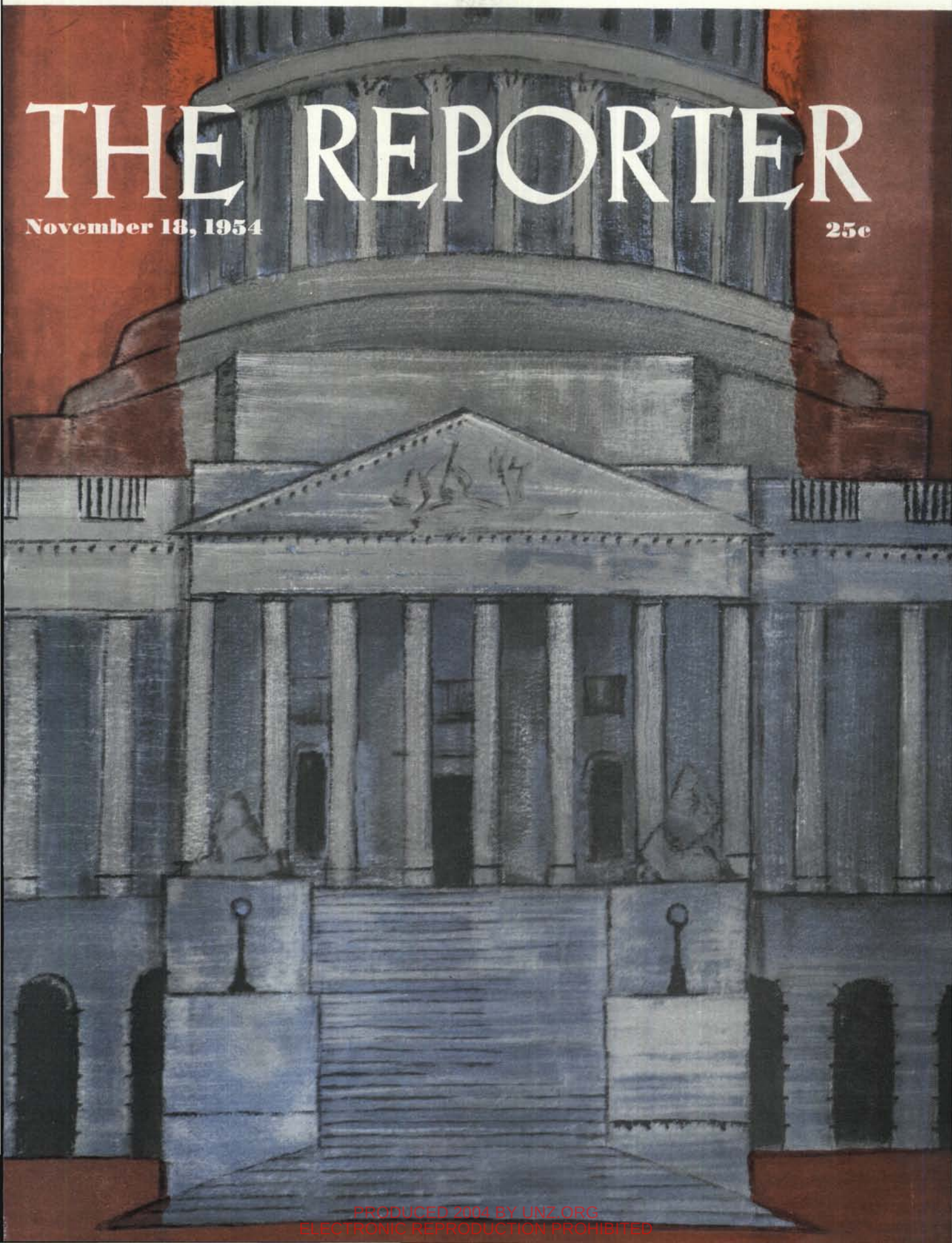

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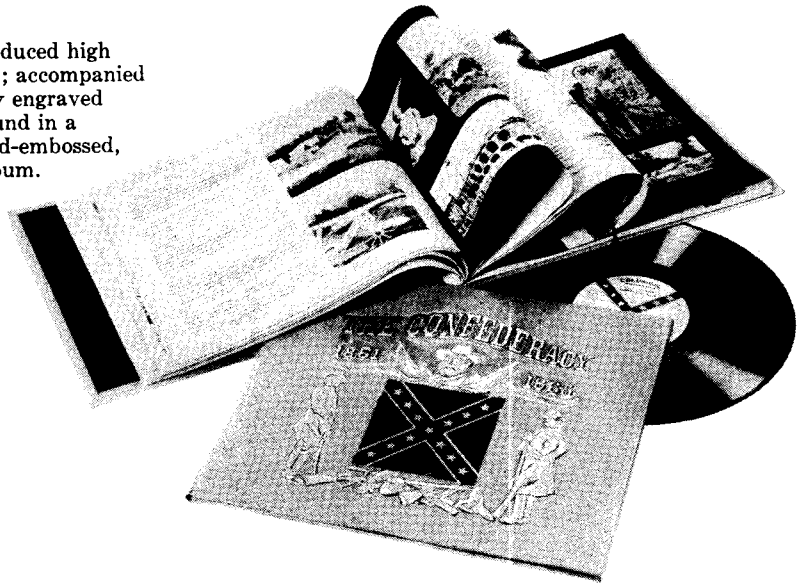

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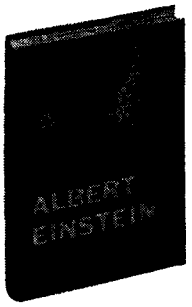

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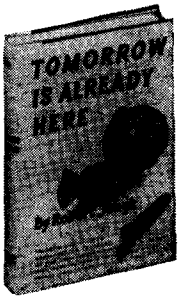

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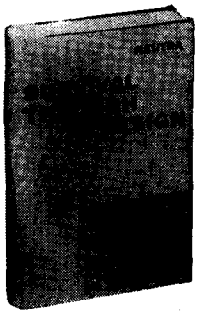

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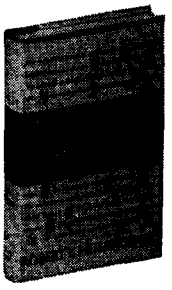

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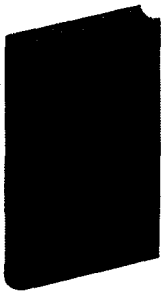

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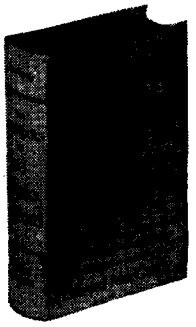

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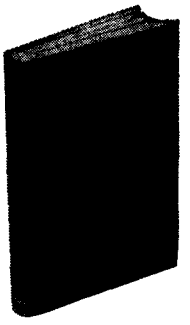

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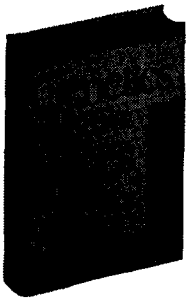

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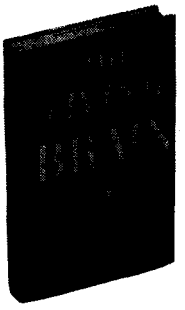

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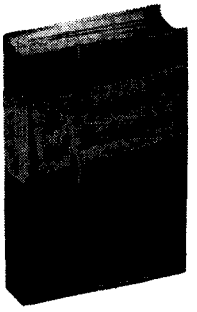

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Interim Report

It will take some time before we realize both why and to what extent this last campaign was marred in so many instances by foul fighting. It will take a long, time-consuming effort of analysis, precinct by precinct, of how the people voted this time and the time before, and how affected they were by the campaign blitz of the Administration. But certainly if anything was queerer than this campaign, it has been the comments on its outcome in some of our most respectable papers.

This thought came most forcefully to our mind the other day, when we read a column by Roscoe Drummond in the New York *Herald Tribune*, entitled "Some Things This Election Means." "The Eisenhower Administration," Mr. Drummond wrote, "proved itself far stronger in the election than its own best friends thought likely and its moderation was its greatest strength." We were so stunned that we felt like calling up the *Tribune* and asking whether Mr. Drummond really thought that the Administration had shown moderation during the campaign. If so, was Mr. Drummond all right?

But then we realized that not only in the *Tribune* but in almost all the papers the extraordinary methods the Republican Party adopted during this campaign had been blandly classified under the heading "politics as usual." Thus, before putting our 1954 election folders into the file marked "Extensive Research Needed," we decided to take a new and hard look at that big bunch of clippings.

THERE WAS a quality of savage, mounting fury in the Republican campaign during the last few weeks before the voting. It was as if the high command, having become convinced by the straw polls that the Democrats were the majority party, had launched a desperate attack, no holds barred, to compensate for numerical inferiority. It was not pretty to see how far Republicans of unblemished reputation could go in trying to blunt the edge of the Democratic majority. It was disturbing, for instance, to see on the television screen the honest face of Senator Ives distorted by an anger that perhaps was not entirely directed at Averell Harriman, and to hear Ives's voice saying that Harriman was a "heartless" employer, a "union buster." "Wherever this man went, from Wall Street to Yalta to Tammany Hall, he left behind a trail of misery." ". . . this kind of strategy [Harriman's] comes right out of the Communist book." "[Harriman's] kind of campaigning . . . plays straight into the hands of the Communists." Maybe it was with a feeling of deep relief that Ives hurried to concede his defeat early in the evening when only the most incomplete returns were in.

Governor Dewey, on the contrary, looked and sounded like a man who was playing just the role he was born for. With the smuggest assurance he proclaimed Harriman "disqualified morally"—"a handmade, perfectly tailored Tammany candidate" who "doesn't know what goes on."

BUT THE MAN who was his truest self during the campaign was Vice-President Nixon. On October 22 at Butte he said, "The previous Administration's lack of understanding of the Communist danger and its failure to deal with it firmly abroad and effectively at home has led to our major difficulties today. The previous Administration unfortunately adopted policies which were soft, vacillating, and inconsistent in dealing with the Communist threat." On October 23 at Cheyenne he asked, "Why is the Communist Party of the United States fighting so desperately and openly for the defeat of Republican candidates for the House and Senate, and for the election of an anti-Eisenhower Congress? Part of the reason can be found in the fact that the candidates running on the Democratic ticket in the key states are almost without exception members of the Democratic Party's left-wing clique which has been so blind to the Communist conspiracy and has tolerated it in the United States."

Indefatigable to the very end, like a man possessed, he never lost the composure of his personable mien. During at least twenty-four hours, the broad stretches and the hopeless conflicts of his party seemed to find in him a point of harmonious conjunction. On October 28, the President, who had failed to keep up with Mr. Nixon's oratory, wrote to "Dear Dick" that he admired "the tremendous job you have done since the opening of the present campaign." The following day, Mr. Nixon transmitted his blessing to Senator McCarthy.

During the whole campaign, the Opposition party was constantly on the defensive. Adlai Stevenson held his own with some of his most urbane and literate speeches. The major Democratic candidates spent most of their energies in trying to disprove the Republican "revelations" of their past misdeeds.

Joseph O'Mahoney, Senatorial candidate in Wyoming, the New York *Times* reported, was accused of being a "left winger." "But here, as in Montana, the Republican hierarchy is at least tolerating this approach in the conviction that if any issue can beat the Democrats this is it." From Montana a *Times* correspondent reported the fight against Senator Murray: "Persons high in this campaign concede in private that only on the so-called 'Red issue' . . . could Senator Murray possibly be beaten . . . Already being circulated, under the re-

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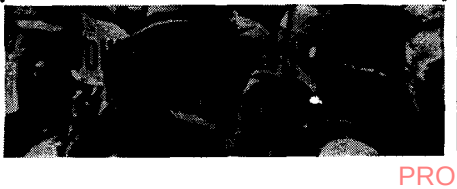

sponsibility of the Republican State Central Committee, are thousands of copies of an article entitled 'A Tribute to Lenin,' . . . under the by-line 'Senator James E. Murray' from the January 1945 issue of the publication 'Soviet Russia Today.' In print now are more than 50,000 copies of a pamphlet headed 'Senator Murray and the Red Network over Congress.' These are not attributed to the State Committee but to the otherwise unidentified 'Montana for D'Ewart [Murray's opponent] Committee.' These booklets have not yet reached the public; many will be circulated only on the eve of the election."

And so on, and on, and on. Richard Neuberger, in Oregon, was accused of having cheated on an examination when he was a law-school student. Paul Douglas of Illinois was declared guilty of practically everything, from "emotional instability" to "protecting Communists." When the fury reached its height and even the President went around delivering speeches to airport hangars, one could think that the time might come soon when the Democratic Party would be pensioned off with the official status of majority party, and the right to present candidates for local office. For after all, the Democratic Party represents the majority—but only of the people.

WHEN ALL this is considered, when we keep in mind what was told the people and what was asked of them, the results are astonishing. There is no sense in going into the "who won" game. We have little taste for the psychological characterization of that synthetic entity, THE AMERICAN VOTER. Of course there is no such thing, for all sorts of people vote —including a million and a half citizens who, after having been exposed to the presence of Joe Meek of Illinois, thought that he—so fit to be a mayor of a one-horse town—could be a U.S. Senator in the tenth year of the atomic age.

What is astonishing about this election is the incontrovertible evidence it offers of how many independent ticket-splitting voters there are. Of course, they cannot be considered the winners, but certainly in quite a number of contests they proved they held the balance of power. What other interpretation is there for the victories of Clifford Case in New Jersey and of Richard Neuberger in Oregon?

The independent voters have given the lie to a number of myths that for a long time have been poisoning our country. It had become even more than a myth, a dogma, that the Irish Catholics were a compact, powerful bloc, unmerciful toward anyone who tried to fight McCarthy. Clifford Case did it while he was exposed to a two-front political war. It had also been said lately—and even printed in the submarginal or gutter press—that a Jew running for office had not much chance these days. Now this despicable, truly un-American lie has been fully exposed by the victories of Jacob Javits, Abraham Ribicoff, and Richard Neuberger.

The independent voter, who sometimes votes Democratic and sometimes, in spite of the G.O.P. leadership, Republican, is coming into his own and making his power felt. He has plenty of work to do now, inside and outside both parties.

We deeply rejoice at his success, for the independent voter who has saved the day in these last elections is our kind of a man. *The Reporter* is written for him.

Univac

The popular and moving relationship of a-man-and-his-horse may soon be replaced—on television at least—by a-man-and-his-electronic-oracle. On Election Night the man was Charles Collingwood, CBS commentator, and the oracle was Univac. The affection and trust between the two was something to see; Charles interpreting Univac's figures with tender pride (one could almost see him feeding it lumps of sugar), Univac blinking and flashing back for all it was worth. So fascinated were people by this sight that the CBS switchboard was flooded with calls pleading for more computer and less commentator, referring in this case not to Univac's interpreter but to the poor saps who could only use their brains and little slips of paper.

The experts, however, were less tenderly inclined to the monster machine. After its hysterical computing of a Democratic landslide earlier in the evening, Univac was definitely in the doghouse—or rather, in the sta-

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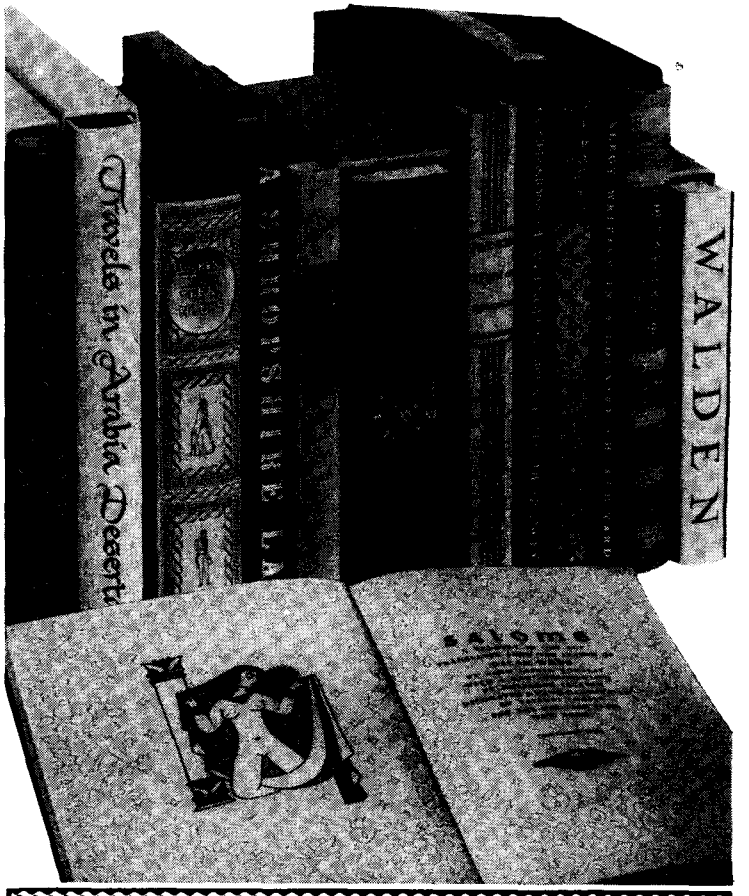

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ble; and both its makers, Remington Rand, and its user, CBS, were being assailed by catcalls of "Take back your Univac and give us the good old brain!"

"This is unjustified," says faithful Collingwood of his steed. "Univac did pretty well at that, and all this talk of breakdowns and headaches just isn't so. When we turned it off at 4 A.M. (it was going strong but we weren't), it was darn near the right results—a Democratic Senate majority of fifty to forty-five."

It wasn't far off on the House either, says Collingwood: One of its early forecasts was that the House would go Democratic 227 to 207—only seven seats off the final results. It was not until the early Delaware and Connecticut returns came in that the figures jumped to 247 to 187 and the Democratic diet became a little too rich for Univac's digestion.

In the 1952 elections, Univac's debut, the giant computer's first prediction was 100-to-1 odds on Eisenhower. This was so out of line with the polls that the mathematicians, shaken, felt its pulse, feared they had given it the wrong assumptions, and spooned it some fresh ones, which upset it badly. The machine was right but the humans didn't trust it. This time they decided to let Univac alone, come what may.

"They" are Dr. Max Woodbury, head of Navy Logistics at George Washington University, and his assistants, who have been toiling since July feeding Univac the two million units which were to comprise its "memory," and Stephen Wright and his staff in charge of "programming" —the dietetic order. Univac had to hold in its throbbing vitals the figures of the last six elections throughout the country, district by district—a staggering job. Compared to this, its tasks for the Census Bureau, U.S. Steel, and the Air Force are child's play. The Atomic Energy Commission has a Univac, and Metropolitan Life; there are eight in all in private business, and they cost a million dollars apiece.

The machine used on election night by CBS. was loaned by Remington Rand, which normally rents it at $300 an hour. Its main organs occupy a large space at 315 Fourth Avenue, RR's building. Only its face—the winking and flashing panel—was temporarily installed at CBS.

Now it is gone and Collingwood—man-without-oracle—is bereft but staunch. "I really do believe that even such a complex factor as public opinion can be mathematically analyzed," he says. Back in its stall, Univac whinnies with pleasure.

Homage to the Old Man

A lot of people must be grateful to the Nobel committee for giving a prize to Ernest Hemingway. He got some money, which he says he needed, and the rest of us got a nudge to look again at his writings.

One measure of how well the prize was deserved is that you don't have to be afraid anybody will think you're a literary show-off if you say you've been rereading Hemingway. His books are classics, but it is perfectly all right to have read them.

The Nobel committee cited *The Old Man and the Sea,* but we went back further, to *A Farewell to Arms.* There are two things in *A Farewell to Arms,* and they are the same two things that are in everything Hemingway writes—love and war. We must admit that the affair with Catherine Barkley didn't do the same thing to us this time that it did when we were much younger. There is a reason. Let's face it, Hemingway's women are projections of the erotic imagination. Catherine Barkley says as much. "I want what you want. There isn't any me any more. Just what you want." And again: "There isn't any me. I'm you. Don't make up a separate me." Young men, like older men too long at the front or too long in a hospital from wounds, all dream of having a Catherine Barkley some day. Most of them don't, at least not for long, and eventually they learn to accept real women, and even to enjoy having them around. Hemingway appears never to have given up that dream. Under it all, the tough guy is an incurable romantic. It would take someone who has never known that dream to call it a fault in his writing.

Hemingway is romantic about war, too, and no other living writer has been able to remember and to write about that terrible beauty so well as he. At one point in his magnificent description of the retreat from Caporetto he tells how he does it: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them, sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations that were slapped up by billposters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. Certain numbers were the same way and certain dates and these with the names of the places were all you could say and have them mean anything. Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages . . . the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates."

Simplicity, economy, and precision enable Hemingway to control actions and emotions that tend otherwise to become chaotic. This is both his style of writing and what he is

'STOCKS SPURT AFTER THE ELECTIONS'

Poor old Wall Street, shivering in its shoes,
Always thinks elections mean that Enterprise will lose,
Always apprehensive that the people, now bereft
Of elemental sense, will swing the country to the Left.

Good old Wall Street, giddy with relief,
Finds that the elections give it no cause for grief,
Government's still Business, and Ike is sitting fine,
And Socialism's creeping down a sharp decline.

—SEC

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writing about. If Hemingway may be said to have a message, it is surely that in a world of uncertain values a man must have at least some kind of discipline for himself, one small piece of order amid the general chaos. It may be fighting bulls, it may be catching a big fish, it may be whatever the man himself chooses. And if a man has that discipline, as Hemingway has to a degree that approaches perfection in his writing, if he is serious about even one thing that is important to him, then it doesn't matter if he is foolish about other things. It doesn't matter if he talks Indian talk or drinks too much or wears a funny beard.

Reconciliation

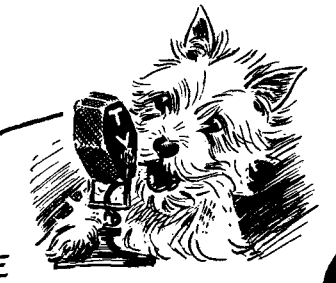
It is a little sad to witness the relief with which President Eisenhower shucks off the armor of politics. He could hardly wait, it seemed, to call his press conference the day after the elections and try to clean up the debris. But, one persistent reporter wanted to know, hadn't he said something about a "cold war" with Congress if the Democrats won? The President admitted that the expression was probably "too strong." "Cold war" he explained, is applied to a situation where there is a great deal more antagonism than there is between himself and some of his friends in the other party. Nobody asked why he hadn't explained this to his speech writer.

Death of a Painter

A picnic in the forest of Fontainebleau, boatmen on the Seine, a street, a church in Paris, water lilies in a pond at Giverny, the cliffs and the sea at Etretat, poplars bordering a road—these images of France are established in our minds here in America and will be in the minds of our children and their children. Why? Because a long line of French painters painted them so well that they cannot fade. They are inseparable from the names of the painters, so that all one has to do to recall the joy they supply is to say the names Corot, Monet, Manet, Vuillard, Pissarro. To this deathless list of the dead, the name of Matisse now must be added and, to the images, the images he made.

No question about This

"HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER THIS ONE, WHITEY?"



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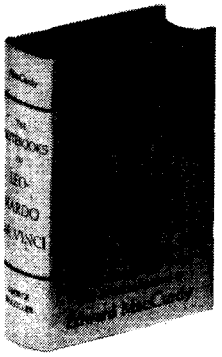

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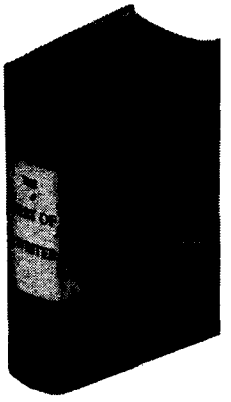

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FROM ALBERT EINSTEIN

To the Editor: You have asked me what I thought about your articles concerning the situation of the scientists in America. Instead of trying to analyze the problem I may express my feeling in a short remark: If I would be a young man again and had to decide how to make my living, I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances.

ALBERT EINSTEIN
Princeton, New Jersey

The Editor comments:

It is an honor but hardly a pleasure to publish this letter from Albert Einstein. We are fully aware that those on the far Left and on the far Right will quote it gleefully—the very people whom Albert Einstein and we ourselves loathe.

Yet we wish the only thing we had to worry about were the inevitable quoting of the Einstein statement in Moscow or in Buenos Aires. Could a man like Einstein denounce with such terse vehemence the plight of his fellow scientists in a totalitarian country and stay out of jail? The subjects of tyrannical governments must marvel at the freedom of the press that we over here can still afford. But while this freedom to protest is an argument strong enough to confound our enemies, it is not strong enough to reassure our friends—or our consciences. It isn't much to say that there is incomparably greater intellectual freedom over here than under any totalitarian régime. The record of our country on this score cannot be just better than that of Malenkov's Russia or Perón's Argentina. It must be good—good without qualification and irrespective of what it may cost to keep it good.

Albert Einstein's statement is an extreme one, but if we want to call a halt to the state of affairs on the campuses and in all the other centers of intellectual life in our country, we think it infinitely more effective to look at the situation from the Einstein rather than from the Micawber viewpoint. For too long it has been said that something will turn up. Indeed, something has turned up. The forces of evil have found it expedient, if not to reject, to shelter under a cloud their best-advertised protagonist—at least for a while. If things are going so well, some people ask, what does it matter if the country has to dispense with the services of a Robert Oppenheimer or of an Edward Condon?

If enough citizens dedicate themselves to finding out what this sickness is that has got hold of our country and do their utmost to cure it, then the time will soon come when no one would dream of advising bright young men to be peddlers rather than scholars—and most certainly not a man like Einstein who has given all the power of his mind to the ascetic search for truth. Things being as they still are, responsible thinking people can use to their advantage bitter pills like the Einstein letter. This is why we are

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grateful to him for the shock he has given us, and we believe our readers will be as shocked and as grateful as we are. We need such shocks.

The publication of this letter—and indeed of our magazine—is an act of faith in the sanity of America.

THE CRUSADE

To the Editor: I read Martin Merson's article "A Businessman's Education in Government" (*The Reporter*, October 7) with avidity. It's an excellent job.

ROBERT L. CROWELL
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Merson has told his story very well and very factually. My one complaint is that he hasn't made a serious attempt to explain why he and Dr. Johnson fell into the trap they did. Too many people will get the impression that the two of them were taken in like a couple of country bumpkins. I don't for one moment believe this to be true, and I resent the fact that the casual reader is never told why two great guys took the amount of kicking around they did. I am annoyed that Bob Johnson was made to look like another Bob Stevens.

EDWARD N. MAYER
New York

To the Editor: It is not often that I come by a conviction that it is necessary for me to write to a publisher or editor commending him on a job well done. I was at first stunned by the article, notwithstanding the fact that I was quite close to Martin Merson, and the fact that I am mentioned in the article.

It seems to me that *The Reporter* has rendered a singular service in publicly revealing Martin Merson's story, and I want to congratulate you on publishing it.

GEORGE BRETT, JR.
New York

To the Editor: Martin Merson's article is one of the most revealing you have produced, in spite of your high standards of revelation. Most Republicans in the southern Vermont area knew from the start what "Two Term Sherm" Adams was, but none of us, I suspect, supposed that Ike would make him Acting President.

If Ike can maintain his personal popularity and continue to float serenely above the battle, I see no reason why he will have any fundamental difficulties with a Democratic Congress—if he will get rid of Sherm.

RICHARD M. JUDD
Marlboro, Vermont

To the Editor: Martin Merson's article is a good example of what is making *The Reporter* one of the most exciting and compelling magazines in America. *The Reporter* has come to mean exactly what its title implies—a place where the vital facts about living history can be found. All the more power to you and your staff in your work.

NORMAN COUSINS
New York

To the Editor: I wish to express my thanks for Martin Merson's interesting article. I'm

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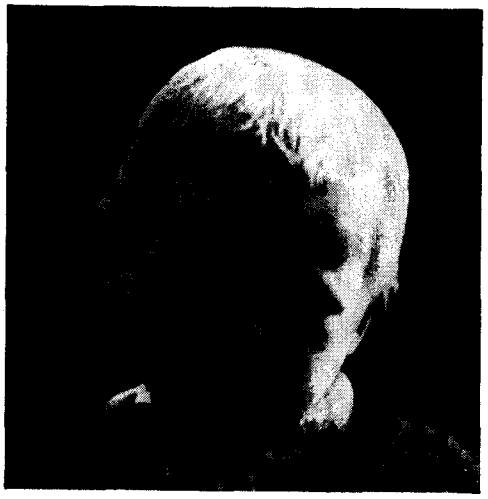

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glad to know that at least one blind man is beginning to see again.

Mr. Merson says that in 1952 he abandoned his long allegiance as a Virginia Democrat, "believing that the party of Truman could cleanse itself only through defeat." Could Mr. Merson see nothing unclean in the party of McCarthy?

ANNA BAILEY CANNON
Tecumseh, Oklahoma

To the Editor: The article points up in striking fashion the difficulties that any businessman encounters when he enters government service. There is, as Mr. Merson says, much to be done in respect to the formulation of sound policies and their administration.

H. W. PRENTISS, JR.
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: I agree with Mr. Merson that the fight for good government is by no means won, but I don't think it ever will be won in the sense in which he is thinking of it. After all, the government has to be the agency that deals with the residues of all societies so far as they are dealt with formally, and the prime function of the politician and, therefore, the government is to keep societies sufficiently cohesive so that they can function as a whole. A little reflection will convince anyone, I think, that this is the prime function of an organized society, but I am sure that it involves the kind of double crossing, confusion, contradiction, and what have you that Mr. Merson describes so effectively. I do not see the possibility of any cure of the fundamental difficulty he encountered. This is one way of stating my philosophy after many years of consideration and much experience both in business and in public affairs. The only possibility for the application of human intelligence is at the margin of things and not at the roots, but most of what happens is inevitably autonomous or automatic or even fatalistic, if you wish, but it is not determined and cannot be determined by any attempt of the application of human intelligence either individually or organized.

I know this isn't consistent with the ideas of the intellectuals nor of the scientists nor of the party claims of the politicians, but I think the politician understands it a lot better than almost any other class. In other words, what he is saying is that Mr. Merson and his like, including myself, are expendable. I have had more luck at the game than I think Mr. Merson has, but he was not at it very long after all, and I think he would make a mistake to regard himself as disillusioned.

CHESTER I. BARNARD
New York

SPAIN

To the Editor: It is not my purpose to comment on Mr. Gerald Brenan's review of Ambassador Bowers' book as such, though much might be said on this aspect of what he writes in your issue of October 7. I should like merely to point out one or two passages which would read strangely coming from anyone versed with Spanish affairs but which read even more strangely coming from Gerald Brenan. Thus he writes: "Their first

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task [he refers to Socialists and Communists had Franco lost the war] on concluding the war would have been to mop up the anarcho-syndicalists, who comprised half the Spanish working classes." Mr. Gerald Brenan wrote in *The Spanish Labyrinth* some of the most acute and best-informed pages that can be read on Spanish anarcho-syndicalism. If he now believes that Socialists and Communists could "mop up" the anarcho-syndicalists of Spain, either he must have changed a good deal or he can believe anything.

The more likely explanation is the first. Mr. Gerald Brenan must have changed a good deal. Indeed, he implies as much in his lamentable last paragraph, where he joins all the pro-fascists, militarists, and opportunists of the West who prefer to stick to weapons and drop principles in a struggle which is fundamentally one of principles rather than weapons. This leads him to such patent inexactitudes as: "his dictatorship, whether we like it or not, has at present the support, though often a little grudging, of most Spaniards." If Mr. Gerald Brenan chooses to believe that, let him; but if Americans want to back Franco, they should do it with their eyes open. The dilemma is obvious: They may be with Franco but they will have to be against Spain. If I am asked for proof of this antagonism, here it is. Can anyone doubt that if the majority of Spaniards were behind Franco, the dictator would deprive himself of the immense moral force of a freely held plebiscite?

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA
New York

To the Editor: It would seem as though Gerald Brenan and Claude G. Bowers had both forgotten the horrible part played by Roosevelt in the destruction of the Spanish Republic resulting in the vestige of it being taken over by the Communists.

Nobody who remembers the Neutrality Proclamation and the incident of the little ship *Mar Cantabrica* can ever forgive Roosevelt or look upon him as other than a man who failed miserably when his services to an American type of democracy could have been so valuable.

JOS. S. THOMPSON
San Francisco

To the Editor: Mr. Brenan's likening of the Spanish Republican cause to a girl once passionately loved who "has long been married to someone else, is the mother of five children, and has lost all her attractions" seems to suggest that it is better never to have loved at all, never to have had any convictions. Franco won, Mr. Brenan tells us with limp complacency, and whatever is is right.

The idealism of many brave and honest men was betrayed by the Communists in Spain. It is wrong to betray that bravery and that honesty even further by idealizing Franco now. Of course we have to recognize Franco's existence. But we shall be foolish lovers indeed if we vengefully foul the memories of a lost affair that at its best was clean and worthy by resorting to the bought and aging arms of one whom even Hitler scorned to marry.

ANDREW RIGGS
New York

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DOUBLEDAY

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Now that the elections are over, it is high time to look at the strategic and diplomatic position of our nation. They are both closely linked to the appalling problem of our nuclear power. They are both the subject of a debate that has been going on for a long time and that reached its most dramatic moment in the Oppenheimer case. In our issue of October 21 Elie Abel's review of the controversial Shepley and Blair book, *The Hydrogen Bomb,* analyzed the most recent public flare-up of the debate. It is a hard problem to deal with, and yet our nation's destiny and that of the world depends on how we face it.

Max Ascoli's editorial and **Bernard Brodie's** article both consider this most crucial of problems—the editorial dealing more particularly with its diplomatic aspects, the Brodie article with strategy. Bernard Brodie is one of the few political scientists who have devoted themselves to the study of strategic and military matters. He has become one of the most widely recognized authorities and well deserves his eminence in this field. He has been a director of graduate studies in the Department of International Relations at Yale and has taught on the subject of international relations at the National War College. He is the editor and co-author of *The Absolute Weapon.*

Unfortunately, while serious and informed discussion of strategy as related to nuclear and atomic weapons is entirely permissible in our country, we can only peek at what is happening in Russia. **Albert Parry's** report in this issue tells us what the Russians are saying, although he cannot tell us what they are doing. It would appear that, not content with their system of satellites in eastern Europe, the Russians now want to have a satellite that will rotate round the earth in the air. Albert Parry is a systematic reader of the Russian press and chairman of the Department of Russian Studies at Colgate University.

Edmond Taylor sends us some very good news from France. Even the best politicians—those who are good enough to be called statesmen—can only improve on a trend that is already in motion. The good news is that revival of the French economy need not depend exclusively on Premier Mendès-France's wizardry; he can make use of a new industrial vigor in France. Our readers will remember Edmond Taylor's last article (November 4), "L'Affaire Dides-Baranès, or, The Spy on the Bicycle." He is former secretary of the Psychological Strategy Board and author of *Strategy by Terror.*

The editorial presents a case for a more aggressive foreign policy. **George Clay** reports on the balloons that Radio Free Europe has been floating over into the satellite countries. Here is a particular instance of imaginative aggressiveness that has done much to get through to people whose radios are more and more becoming simple government loud-speakers such as those which were described by George Orwell in his *1984.*

In these days of the McCarthy censure debate in the Senate, we thought it appropriate to ask our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** to give his recollections of the first man who appeared before the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations after Senator McCarthy became its chairman.

THIRD and last in our series on housing, but in no way indicating the end of our interest in that subject, is an article by one of our leading experts, **Albert Mayer,** a man who has worked as an architect and planner not only in the United States but in India.

Once again we are proud to publish a moving essay by **William Saroyan.**

William Walton, our cover artist, was a distinguished combat correspondent for *Time* in the Second World War. He parachuted into Normandy with the 82nd Airborne Division.

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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No one was more conscious of the far-reaching importance of the Army-McCarthy hearings than Michael Straight, who sat a few feet away from McCarthy. The hearings over, Michael Straight interviewed nearly all the principals to find why they acted and reacted as they did. He visited communities from Boston to Wisconsin, he went to many government agencies to get the story *behind* the hearings. He pored over the thousands of pages of testimony; and searched the records of American history to understand more fully the constitutional issues that had been raised.

Here is the first behind-the-scenes report of what went on—in and out of the caucus room in America's first

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MAX ASCOLI

The Atom and Fort Knox

THE RUSSIANS invented the permanent world revolution; we have invented the permanent national campaign. Ever since 1950, electioneering has been going on at various rates of speed but without a stop, and as soon as the returns are in a new round of state and national campaigning starts. As a result, the two Presidential candidates—the one who is elected and the one who is not—keep on running for four years. Our political traditions have thus been enriched with some striking novelties: There has been no rest for Adlai Stevenson since his defeat two years ago, and his successful opponent in the last election has acquired the distinction of being the first telephone-ringing President in the history of the United States.

If it is at all conceivable to have a brief moment for reflection between campaigns, that time is now. The Communists, by adopting the expression "peace-loving," have—as usual—made it ludicrous. Yet these last elections, as well as the two preceding, have proved how passionately peace-loving the people of the United States are. In fact, this great novelty, the perpetual motion in political campaigning, started after American soldiers had gone to fight in Korea. The politicians may have tried to exploit the people's concern for peace in order to make their business somewhat less seasonal; but there can be no doubt whatsoever that our people detest war.

The American people want peace. If there ever was a mandate given by the American voters to their elected officials, consistently and repeatedly, this is it. Even Vice-President Nixon, who last spring favored sending American forces to fight the war in Indo-China, traveled the length and breadth of the land to drill into the people's minds the notion that much of the credit for the Geneva agreements goes to the Administration. Now, after the elections, lest uncandor and deceit become the standard operating procedure for all those who deal with public affairs, diplomatic and strategic policies must be devised to harness this popular craving for peace.

The Treacherous Absolutes

Passion for peace, if not harnessed by consistent, sustained policy, can turn out to be as great a threat to the nation as the weapons of absolute war we are producing in competition—so far unchecked—with Soviet Russia. Perhaps it is not inconceivable that boundless horror of war and boundless reliance on absolute weapons may be represented in equal proportions in the highest councils of the nation and even in the same man.

Coexistence is the compromise solution that has been advanced—a solution that seems singularly well fitted to the particular position of our nation, which is anxious to avoid conflicts outside our borders and at the same time entirely unable to see how normal, decent relations can be established with the Communist bloc. But the trouble with the idea of coexistence is twofold. First, it has been adopted and therefore somewhat soiled by international Communism. Second, and far more serious, it tends to imply a freezing of the present partition of the world between Communist and non-Communist powers.

Nothing could be more absurd or dangerous than to consider the status quo as sacred and immutable. Old and new nationalisms plus the peoples' misery in so many countries keep the political order of the world fluid. Above all, faith in Communism and faith in freedom cannot be reconciled—at least as long as there are men who adhere to the substance and not just to the ritual of either. If our people's craving for peace is not to be betrayed, our foreign policy must leave room and create the demand for changes—changes to our advantage.

It must be a foreign policy aimed not only at the

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survival but at the growth and expansion of free institutions everywhere. It must lead to the creation of new patterns of national and international living, for certainly the political ingenuity of free men has not been exhausted by bringing into existence the democratic centralized state, or the federal union of states, or the United Nations.

At the same time it has become increasingly clear that the changes and the inventions we must bring about cannot be pursued at the cost of total war. It is here that the idea of coexistence, no matter how soiled by Communist propaganda, reveals its hard core of plain common sense. The conflict between Communism and freedom cannot be fought to the point of coextinction. In fact, the idea of coexistence is essentially a negative one. It does not even mean peace; it only means reciprocal acceptance of the rules of the game so that conflicts—and even wars—may once again become worth being fought.

How Far Can They Go?

For all its claims to dynamism and positiveness, the attitude of the Republican Administration toward the prospect of total or nuclear war has succeeded in being even more negative than the idea of coexistence—not to mention that other idea so long decried as negative and defeatist: containment. During the last campaign, the Administration boasted that it had stopped every existing armed conflict, had extinguished every brush fire that could lead to a conflagration. It proclaimed once more that this country would never fight unless provoked, and it carefully avoided giving even a hint of what would be considered a provocation. To do so would be quite wrong, it was said: Better keep *them* guessing. But the trouble is that in dealing with Communism we ourselves have to do an inordinate amount of guessing, for Communism has a large number of offensive tools at its disposal and can grievously hurt our country and our coalition with means that have nothing to do with war.

It would be a great blow to us, for instance, if Communists and fellow travelers gained a majority of votes in the Italian elections. Would this be considered a provocation? Would we think ourselves provoked if a so-called Popular Front Government came into power somewhere in western Europe, with a superannuated conservative statesman as Prime Minister and with the Communists modest enough to content themselves with control of the police? Should Mendès-France fall, this could happen in France. Would our Government consider this a grave enough provocation to justify massive retaliation? Obviously the answer is No, for the passionate peacefulness of our people could never be shaken by Communist political conquests in Europe, in Asia, or, for that matter, in any country larger than Guatemala. Yet we all know that it is in the internal politics of some key foreign nations that much of the Communists' strength lies.

Still we go on leaving them free to make all the advances that they know we would not retaliate against. The more ground they gain without being retaliated against and the more we stockpile absolute weapons, the more unlikely it becomes that we ever shall use these weapons.

We Just Sit

Our Government would be remiss in its most elementary duty if we did not produce and accumulate absolute weapons that have become the token of ultimate power. In the same way, our Government would show wanton neglect toward the stability of our currency were it to stop the buying of gold which it promptly buries at Fort Knox. Gold standard or no gold standard, the possession of this metal is still essential, for gold is still the ultimate token in the system of trade and payment throughout the world.

Atomic and nuclear weapons have come to acquire a position very similar to that of gold. We must possess them, for they are far more real than mere symbols of our nation's power. In the use we make or plan to make of them, they must be considered more than symbols and less than the real thing. For should the real thing which is in them burst out, nothing would be left to be symbolized.

We cannot just sit in awe-struck contemplation of the power we have. We cannot wait for Mao's forces to attack Formosa and enslave the Formosan people. We must take the initiative now and see to it that Formosa is made into a mandate of the United Nations, with the independence of its people guaranteed by our major allies as well as by us. We can roll back Communism in Italy if our economic assistance enables the working masses to reach a level of well-being worth being conserved and improved upon.

DIFFERENT from the Spanish conquistadors, the Pilgrim Fathers and all the immigrants who came in their wake did not search for gold but only for an opportunity to work.

The first condition that is required if our people are to have the largest possible measure of peace is to go back to that tradition. In fact, this country can only defeat Communism in every encounter and make full use of its power if it keeps those awful gadgets underground—ready for any emergency—and gets off the atom standard.

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Unlimited Weapons And Limited War

BERNARD BRODIE

Only day before yesterday the atomic bomb came along, and until yesterday we had a monopoly on it. Today we have lost the monopoly and we have in addition the inconceivably powerful H-bomb to reckon with. Tomorrow, we are told, the era of plenty will begin for hydrogen as well as atomic weapons. Perhaps day after tomorrow guided missiles with atomic warheads will be hurled from one continent to another. What changes in our strategy do these present facts and future probabilities entail?

We have recently heard a good deal about a "New Look" in our military strategy, and about a related policy of "massive retaliation" against challenges of the Korea type. But we have also heard that the Soviets are rapidly developing the capacity to strike massively at our cities. The new menace radically affects our ability to threaten destruction of cities in the Soviet orbit.

It has now become conceivable that at the beginning of a war our so-called "mobilization bases" may be crippled by a relatively modest number of enemy hits. There is little indication that our leaders have thought much about this "broken-back" war. Should we have to try to fight this kind of war, it is hard to think of aims our nation could pursue worth the losses we would suffer. When we are talking about an unrestricted general war we are talking about a catastrophe to which there are no predictable limits. As the President said recently: "War would present to us only the alternative in degrees of destruction. There could be no truly successful outcome."

The conclusion seems inescapable that our government can use the threat of unlimited war to deter only the most outrageous kind of aggression. Moreover, the more appalling the power of the new weapons, the more extreme must the aggression be. If the deterrent fails to deter, one can foresee only mutual devastation, leaving each side far too weak to "impose its will" upon the other.

Can War Be Preventive?

One possible strategy has been urged *sotto voce* since the coming of the A-bomb: preventive war. The term is considered objectionable by some who are devoted to the idea; but it really does not matter what term is used so long as we all know what is meant.

If by preventive war we mean

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something that is deliberately planned by our government, to begin at a coldly set date, then we might as well dismiss the whole idea as a possible policy. Quite apart from the question of whether it would accomplish its designed objective, one simply cannot see our President adopting it.

It is fantastic to assume, as advocates of this "solution" usually do, that a program of "educating the public" could ever generate enough popular pressure to have it adopted. Anyway, preventive war, its advocates insist, has a time limit. We could wage it only as long as the Soviets do not have a powerful strategic air arm. That terminal time will shortly be passed, it is said. Finally, it must be assumed that we could carry out the move without the assistance of our Allies, whose cooperation would certainly not be forthcoming.

Actually there probably never was a time when preventive war would have been technically—not to say politically—feasible. When we had the atomic monopoly, we did not have enough power; and when we developed the necessary power, we no longer had the monopoly.

The Blunting Mission

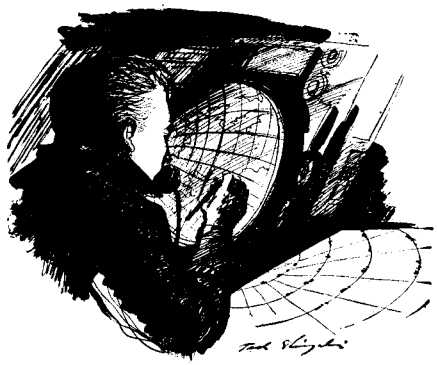
However, if it is unthinkable that we start an unrestricted nuclear war, it is conceivable that an enemy provocation might make us trigger-happy. There are conditions when it would make good sense to be trigger-happy, as well as conditions when it would be insane.

Whether or not it made sense would depend primarily on the success of that strategic air mission which is sometimes called "blunting"—that is, a blow aimed at the enemy's strategic air force to prevent his striking at us. Blunting is sometimes spoken of as the primary mission of our own Strategic Air Command. That, of course, makes sense if we are to do strategic bombing, but let us beware of assuming that what rates top priority in planning will necessarily be easy—or even feasible—to carry out.

Blunting is air defense attained by taking the offensive. Precisely because it stresses offensive action it is more congenial to a profession whose education always stresses the merits of the "offensive spirit." The inherent inadequacy of air defense—that it offers at best only a limited percentage of attacking planes shot down—is candidly proclaimed, as it should be; but the prevailing assumption is that the blunting mission is free of comparable shortcomings.

Initiative and Surprise

The requirements for a successful blunting mission are most exacting in terms of initiative, surprise, and intelligence. A blunting mission can hardly be successful if one does not



have the initiative. But there is a difference between initiative and surprise. At Pearl Harbor the Japanese had both, but at Midway they had only initiative—and lost the battle. "Getting in the first blow" would not automatically guarantee enough surprise to put the enemy air force out of action. We know our own SAC would profit enormously from a short warning of the approach of enemy planes, and we must expect that much the same is true of the enemy.

If we look at the situation objectively, we must concede that the Russians' secretiveness and our comparative openness is bound to give them an intelligence advantage. Thus a successful blunting mission, on that score at least, would be easier for the Soviets than for us. The first and most pressing item of military business before us is therefore to reduce the vulnerability of our own strategic striking forces to surprise attack. To accomplish this goal all customary conceptions of "prohibitive cost" may have to be revised drastically upward. For a vulnerable strategic air force—one that the enemy can neutralize by surprise attack—is not merely no deterrent; it positively invites attack.

The Other Side

Throughout the whole modern history of military planning, among *all* major powers, one sees a tremendous preoccupation *before* hostilities with what "we" will do to the "enemy," and a marvelous lack of consideration of what he may do to us. The French Plan XVII before the First World War is a good example. It was intended to make the Germans dance to the French tune by launching a general frontal attack in approximately equal force—but the Germans marched through Belgium and outflanked the French. Before a war any man who recommends reducing vulnerability—even reducing the vulnerability of one's major offensive force—risks being called "defense-minded." The favored phrase today is "Maginot mentality." Yet as Churchill said a long time ago, "However absorbed a commander may be in the elaboration of his own thoughts, it is necessary sometimes to take the enemy into consideration."

As the Soviet capability to deliver nuclear weapons increases, we may be quite certain that a blunting mission must enjoy at least the same degree of priority among Soviet strategic planners that it does among ours. No conception could be more spontaneously congenial to the military in any country; and besides, knowing where our major and almost exclusive offensive strength lies, and knowing also how heavily we rely on it, the Soviets have every possible incentive to adopt the blunting-attack idea. Thus, we undoubtedly have a situation where the strategic bombing forces of each side (which, incidentally, will not necessarily be confined to long-range bombers but may include also submarine-launched missiles) plan to eliminate each other at the first sign of war.

THIS SYMMETRY in aspiration will not necessarily accompany a symmetry in actual power or in the success derived from it. It may be that each side could be fairly likely to succeed in such a mission *if* it managed to have the initiative; but while technical capabilities of both sides would be similar, their ability to seize the initiative would not. Or it is possible that one side only, through superior intelligence or

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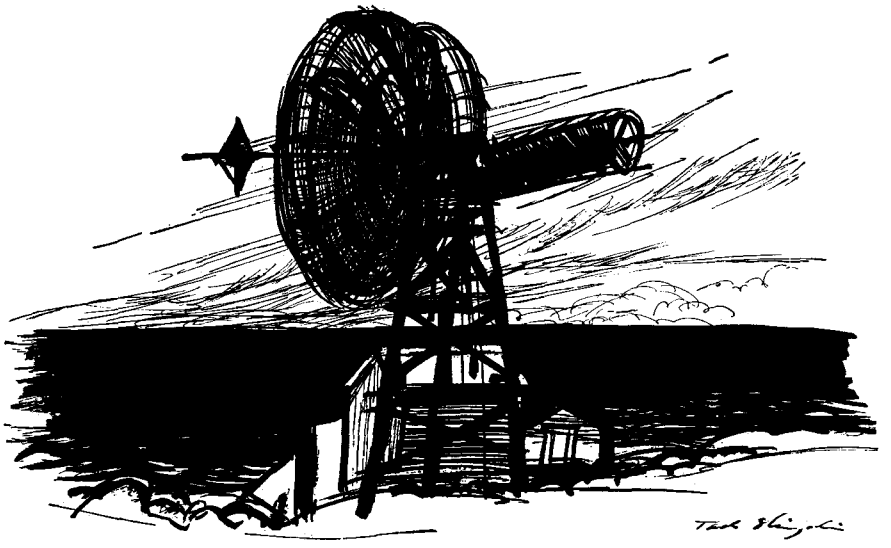

through negligence on the other side, would enjoy the *capability* of effecting a more or less successful blunting mission. Or, what is most likely, neither side may be able to achieve a successful blunting mission even if it has all the initiative and surprise that it could reasonably hope for. Certainly thermonuclear weapons make it possible for whatever portion of a bombing force survives a surprise attack to wreak tremendous retaliation upon the aggressor. How many H-bombs can any country really stand?

Success for a blunting mission can be measured in terms of the quantity of destruction to an enemy bombing potential that is required to buy oneself a minimum assurance of safety. But for how long? In the thermonuclear age any measure of safety cannot help being an extraordinarily precarious thing. It is going to require unheard-of recklessness on the part of a government to launch an attack in the expectation that the successes thereby achieved will enable it to escape "massive retaliation" or counter-retaliation.

If, in the blunting-mission game, one side can make a surprise attack upon the other that destroys the latter's capability to make meaningful retaliation, then it makes sense to be trigger-happy with one's strategic air power. How could one afford under those circumstances to withhold one's SAC from its critical blunting mission while waiting to test other pressures and strategies? This would be the situation of a gunfighter duel, Western frontier style. The one who leads on the draw and aims accurately achieves a good clean win. The other is dead. But if, on the other hand, the situation is such that neither side can hope to eliminate the retaliatory power of the other, the restraint that was suicidal in one situation becomes prudence, and it is trigger-happiness that is suicidal.

The British View

This is indeed a problem that our strategy has to face, and there is little to suggest that we have begun to face it. Our "New Look" is turned in the opposite direction, for that part of it which stresses our retaliatory power is based on an assumption that is questionable even today and that is in any case bound to be ephemeral —the assumption that we have a *unique* capability of destroying an opponent by strategic use of nuclear weapons. No doubt we have such power, but its uniqueness is rapidly vanishing.

The British have also adopted something like a New Look, but they base it on a different premise. Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor has argued that an atomic attack upon the United Kingdom would be utterly disastrous to the British, who could do nothing to avoid such a blow *if war should come*. However, Britain must nevertheless stand ready to use atomic weapons with full force and without restraint from the first moment of hostilities, because, he insists, only such an attitude can avert war.

This position rests everything on deterrence. It has at least the merit of acknowledging the disastrous consequences of nuclear attack. However, it is a little bizarre, as well as novel, to see military leaders advocating a strategy which they agree will be suicidal if executed.

The American official attitude, on the other hand, seems to be one of ignoring Soviet nuclear capabilities as a reality to be contended with in planning. The general idea is that it is we, not they, who will do the striking, and they, not we, who will do the suffering. It is assumed that a disaster of overwhelming proportions is something that simply "can't happen here." Of course there are loud whispered asides of alarm at Soviet nuclear tests and jet-bomber developments; but unlike the stage whispers of Shakespeare, these do not seem to enter into the plot.

Who Is Being Deterred?

The ultimate argument in diplomacy has usually been the threat of force, but now the penalties for the use of total force have become too horrible. This means that our present-day diplomacy based on the deterrent value of our great atomic power is in danger of being strait-jacketed by fear of the very power we hold. No doubt the enemy himself is in a comparable strait jacket, but all in all the situation is one that puts a premium on nerves. Perhaps the Russians, as they conduct their tests, will become more frightened at their own bombs than they have thus far appeared to be at ours. But this is a rather insecure basis for what Churchill called "the balance of terror."

In any case, if we are not going to have the "ultimate solutions" represented by the two extremes of either complete atomic disarmament (still the official U.S. aspiration) or preventive war, what kind of military policy *can* there be that furthers the national interest? Certainly, provision must still be made for that "massive retaliation" which indisputably remains the only answer to direct massive assault. But it seems unarguable that a diplomacy that concerns itself with aggressions of considerably less directness and magnitude will have to be backed by a more "conventional" and diversified kind of force—a kind that the diplo-

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mat can invoke without bringing the world tumbling about his ears. The reciprocity of restraint, whether openly or tacitly recognized, will have to be on the basis of mutual self-interest. Does that sound fanciful? Possibly. Yet the Korean War was fought that way, and inadvertently too.

Rather than asking what, if anything, needs to be added to strategic air attack, we must consider what we can substitute for it. It used to be charged that air attack was inefficient and ineffective. Nowadays it is all too effective.

We must therefore explore ways of limiting those conflicts we may be unable entirely to avoid. The difficulties in the way of limitation—on both sides—are immense. But these difficulties may be more in the minds of men than in the nature of things. We live in a generation that has identified itself with slogans Clausewitz would have regarded as preposterous—that every modern war must be a total war; that wars must be fought for total victory, "unconditional surrender," and the like—slogans that utterly negate the older conceptions of war as a "continuation of [presumably rational] policy."

Yet it is clear that the defense policy on which this country has invested so much emotion and substance both at home and abroad makes little sense unless we, as well as the Russians, establish some limitation on the use of atomic weapons. It has of course always been sound policy to hedge with respect to technological innovation in armament, but what has happened over the past nine years, and what is clearly ahead of us can hardly be classed as mere "innovation."

Existing national-security policies cannot be justified on the grounds that the A-bomb and H-bomb may turn out to be less fearsome than is predicted by those who know these weapons best. These policies can be justified only on the grounds that there are important alternatives to unrestricted nuclear war. Indeed, some such alternatives must be under consideration by our policymakers, for otherwise what use can we have for German divisions—for the whole NATO defense structure? And what sense can there be in a strategic-raw-materials-stockpile program that implies years of gradual mobilization and production of military resources *following* the outbreak of hostilities? Probably our policymakers are wiser, their instincts are sounder, than their most resounding public pronouncements show.

The Concept of Limitation

Nothing we have said detracts in the slightest from the overwhelming necessity of maintaining in existence a powerful SAC. On the contrary, we should probably spend a good deal more money on SAC than we have done, but spend it mainly in the direction of reducing its vulnerability. We should apply Grand Admiral von Tirpitz's famous statement of the three functions of a battleship: "first to stay afloat, secondly to stay afloat, and thirdly to stay afloat."

But if total war is to be averted, we must be ready to fight limited wars with limited objectives—if for no other reason than that limited objectives are always better than unlimited disaster. A limited war does not necessarily mean war without victory, but the terms must be short of unconditional surrender and give the vanquished a chance to negotiate on a reasonable basis. It is amazing how we spontaneously acted on these propositions in Korea, and how our errors of comprehension because of the novelty of the problem caused

WHAT CLAUSEWITZ MEANT

GENERAL KARL VON CLAUSEWITZ (1780-1831), who is to military strategy what Adam Smith is to economics or Isaac Newton to physics, has been rarely read, more rarely understood, but abundantly quoted.

Unfortunately he was a follower of Hegel's method of presenting thesis, then antithesis, followed by synthesis, where the balanced conclusions are put forward. In his monumental work *On War*, he first describes war *in theory* as subject to no limitations of violence, only to develop immediately thereafter the opposite point that qualifications *in practice* must check the theoretical absolute.

"War is an act of force, and to the application of that force there is no limit," he declares. Also: "In affairs so dangerous as war, false ideas proceeding from kindness of heart are precisely the worst. . . . He who uses force ruthlessly, shrinking from no amount of bloodshed, must gain an advantage if his adversary does not do the same. . . . Never in the philosophy of war itself can we introduce a modifying principle without committing an absurdity." These and like remarks have been seized upon and quoted (and not by the Germans alone) as a justification for absolute violence in war.

Yet Clausewitz takes pains to show that the above remarks apply only in a kind of theory which has no place in the real world. "War is never an isolated act" is one of his subheadings. If war were followed to its logical but absurd extreme of absolute violence, "the result would be a futile expenditure of strength which would be bound to find a restriction in other principles of statesmanship." This leads him directly to his most famous and most misunderstood remark of all: "War is a mere continuation of policy by other means."

THE MEANING of this famous statement becomes clear if we read the seldom-quoted sentences that precede it: "Now if we reflect that war has its origin in a political object, we see that this first motive, which called it into existence, naturally remains the first and highest consideration to be regarded in its conduct. . . . Policy, therefore, will permeate the whole action of war and exercise a continual influence upon it, so far as the nature of the explosive forces in it allow." This is in fact the leading idea of the whole work, and to it Clausewitz returns again and again.

It is also the theme that governs the meaning of his famous definition of the object of war as being "to impose our will on the enemy." He indicated that the "will" must have reasonable limits: "If our opponent is to do our will, we must put him in a position more disadvantageous to him than the sacrifice would be that we demand."

In other words, according to Clausewitz, a defeated enemy, far from having unconditionally surrendered his will, must have a will of his own.

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us to show too much rather than too little restraint.

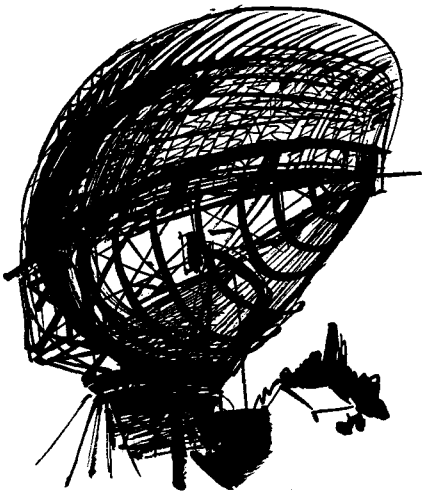
THE HISTORY and rationale of attempts to limit wars suggest that limitations on the character and use of weapons, wherever they have been attempted, always stand up best in wars that are also limited regionally. Of wars limited regionally by deliberate intent of both parties there is a long catalogue in history. Even wars within Europe have been geographically circumscribed by great-power participants, as for example the Spanish Civil War that preceded the Second World War, and the Greek Civil War that followed it. However, history suggests that Europe is a good place *not* to have a war if one wants to keep it reasonably manageable. We ought therefore to begin reconsidering some of the ideas we have thrown about lately concerning what we would do in the event of another peripheral challenge like that in Korea.

Small Wars vs. a Big One

On January 12, 1954, Mr. Dulles presented before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York what was to be a famous pronouncement on this subject. We have since had a really fabulous spate of corrections, clarifications, counterassertions, and restatements, with the result that confusion has become worse confounded and the original declaration almost nullified.

The basic idea of the January 12 pronouncement was not new. On several occasions during the previous Administration, one of them a public one before the Committee for Economic Development in New York, Thomas K. Finletter, then Secretary of the Air Force, asserted that the next time we were presented with a Korean-type challenge we should meet it not by local military response but by what he called "diplomatic action." If he meant anything effective by that phrase, he could only have meant an ultimatum to the Soviet Union, or possibly to Communist China, or both. That, of course, must also have been the essence of Mr. Dulles's reference to picking "places and means of our own choosing." Neither Finletter nor Dulles actually used the word "ultimatum," though we cannot doubt such a conception was present in their thoughts.

What made the Finletter-Dulles proposal weak was that it was based primarily on military rather than on political considerations — and on



pseudo-military ones at that. Mr. Finletter argued explicitly, as Mr. Dulles did by implication, that we simply could not afford to disperse our strength in meeting Koreas, but must keep it concentrated for the main event. Here we have another case of excessive deference to a classic strategic principle, in this instance the principle of concentration.

Certainly one should not give up peripheral areas in order to keep concentrated for a central challenge that may not come for ten or twenty or more years. Anyway, one may doubt whether the forces we committed to Korea would have amounted to very much in a European war; and SAC, the chief deterrent to Soviet aggression in Europe, was not even committed.

Of course Korea-type wars are individually disagreeable, inconvenient, and, in comparison with tranquil peace, costly. Americans are temperamentally and culturally indisposed to messing around. It is certainly tempting to short-circuit little wars by threatening big ones, especially if one does not expect to have to follow through.

There are at least two essential questions to ask about the Finletter-Dulles idea. The first is, Will our government have the courage to make the necessary ultimatum at the critical time, and will it have the necessary support at home and abroad? As one looks at the history of the Korean War itself and of our more recent handling of the Indo-China affair, one feels disposed to doubt it. If our leaders and our Allies have not yet mustered the courage to be bold, then let us not ask them to have the stomach to be rash. The second question is, If we do manage to screw our courage to the sticking place, are we quite sure the Russians or the Chinese will yield before our ultimatum and halt their local aggressions? If so,

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then we are basing the argument not on the military needs of concentration and on the evils of dispersion, but on a forecast of Russian or Chinese behavior before our threats.

Of course we may theoretically prefer having one big war to fighting a series of little ones, but the chances are overwhelming that we will not be the ones who will choose to fight the one big war. If we were clear on that point, we should be better prepared to handle the peripheral challenges with adequate diplomacy and adequate strategy to avoid war if possible and to fight it if necessary. Our handling of the Korean War was vastly affected by the conviction of both the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations that it was "the wrong war at the wrong time in the wrong place." General Omar N. Bradley used those words concerning the possible extension of the war against China, but by implication they applied to the whole affair. It was General James Van Fleet who insisted, on the contrary, that if there had to be a showdown with Communist China and Russia, Korea was for us the right war at the right place at the right time. If he was correct, we settled for far too little, thereby incidentally leaving in our own mouths a taste of futility and frustration that helped stop us altogether from seriously considering intervention in Indo-China.

Exposure and Deflation

Yet perhaps we should be grateful to Mr. Dulles for his pronouncement of January 12. An idea that had been tossing around inside closed organizations for two or three years was suddenly exposed to public scrutiny and debate. The subsequent Administration statements that purported to clarify the originally proposed policy actually resulted in changing it.

In Washington an idea—particularly when it its protected by secrecy—can be bruited about almost indefinitely without meeting any really searching questions. In this instance the wraps were finally taken off, and utter deflation followed. What we were treated to was a rare demonstration of the democratic process, in the best sense of the term, at work on essentially strategic ideas.

If such a thing could happen of-

tener—though security considerations quite properly intervene—some remarkable results might follow. Ideas representing doctrines and orthodoxies of various kinds would be scrutinized by persons who were uncommitted to those orthodoxies. One could not expect really novel strategic ideas from such a process; but perhaps we could get reasonable departures from doctrines that had outlived the circumstances to which they were adapted.

WE MIGHT ALSO get a new emphasis on having our strategy serve our diplomacy, and seeking to widen rather than restrict the area of choice of that diplomacy. Too often history has seen the opposite happen.

A classic but by no means unique example occurred in the last days before the outbreak of the First World War, when the German government received the false report that the French were prepared to renege on their alliance with Russia. The jubilant Kaiser observed to his staff that now the bulk of the German Army could march eastward rather than westward. At this point he was told that there was only one mobilization plan, the one that conformed with the Schlieffen strategy which called for the concentration and movement of the bulk of the German Army against France. To the enormous relief of von Moltke and the whole General Staff, word came through that France was going to fight after all.

The falsity of the initial report saved that particular episode from being utterly grotesque; but the whole situation of which it formed a part reveals a rigidity and a habit of pleading "military necessity" that made it impossible after a certain point to prevent a war which no one wanted and which was to prove infinitely disastrous to all the nations concerned.

Strategy and Diplomacy

Granted that the diplomatist may completely mess up the broad choice that a wise strategy makes available to him. It is impossible to guarantee wisdom in high places at the critical time. But it is the business of the soldier to be sure he is wise in his own sphere, which is today a sufficiently difficult task to spare him the temptation of prescribing wise policies for other spheres.

Of course strategy and diplomacy cannot be separated; the union between them should in fact be much closer than it is today. But if the old Clausewitzian idea of strategy being the *handmaiden* of diplomacy—that is, the subservient partner—can no longer be entertained in a world of such frightening military risks as we face today and shall face increasingly in the future, let us at least not rush to invert the old relationship. It will perhaps be of some help to remember that the answers to our dilemmas, if there are any answers, cannot be found in the area of military strategy alone. Strategy cannot determine the ultimate end that war is to pursue—particularly when strategy has at its disposal the ultimate weapon.

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Will the Russians Beat Us to the Moon?

ALBERT PARRY

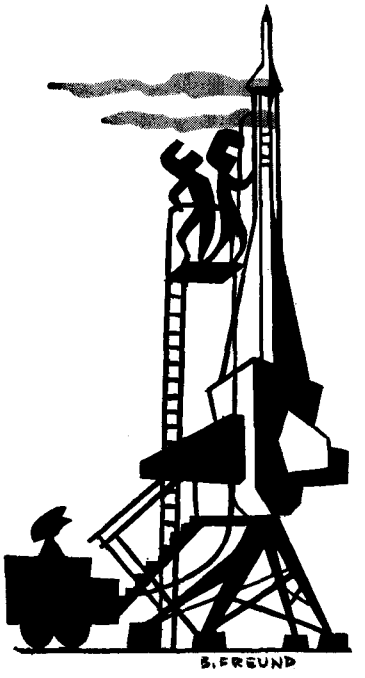
INCREASINGLY BOLDLY, yet preserving all the rules of security, the Russians are talking of their work and plans in the problems of space travel. It is true that early in August, the Soviet Academy of Sciences declined to send its experts to the Fifth Congress of the International Astronautical Federation meeting at Innsbruck, Austria. But from rostrums of their own choosing such experts do talk.

Professor Alexander N. Nesmeyanov, president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, says, "Science has reached a point where it is realistic for us to speak of sending a stratoplane to the moon and of creating an artificial satellite for the earth."

"WOULD you say that our dreaming is taking us too far? Perhaps we are talking of decades and centuries hence? No! We are convinced that it will be our generation that will carry out the first flight to the moon." Thus spoke Professor V. V. Dobronravov, an outstanding Soviet physicist and mathematician. Together with other experts in the field, he recently addressed a special meeting of Moscow writers, who were told of the work accomplished by Soviet astrophysicists in the field of interplanetary flights. The purpose was to give wide publicity to this work—without, of course, divulging any secret details of it. (Later there were complaints in the Moscow press that only a handful of writers showed up for this important briefing.)

In October, 1951, Professor Michael Tikhonravov of the Academy of Sciences estimated that a rocket ship built by the Soviets would make a nonstop flight to the moon within the next ten or fifteen years. At the same time another Soviet astrophysicist, Dr. B. Abiants, said that such a craft would be some two hundred feet long, with a diameter of sixty feet. Weighing one thousand tons, it would be powered by twenty liquid-fuel-fed engines generating 350 million horsepower.

Last May, yet another Soviet scientist, A. Shternfeld, declared that a future Soviet-built liquid-fueled rocket, though "complex and bulky," would reach either the moon or Mars or Venus "in just a few days," while an atomic rocket of a yet more distant era would prove to be even



faster. He insisted that already Soviet-constructed multistage rockets could penetrate into the ionosphere farther than their American-built counterparts.

Returning to his theme on September 11, Shternfeld wrote in *Komsomolskaya Pravda:* "Compared with the distances separating us from celestial bodies, the latest records of height and distance achieved by rockets seem very modest. But from the viewpoint of speed—and that is the main thing—these successes are very considerable. All we have to do is increase threefold the speed of which the present-day rockets are capable—and an artificial satellite of the earth is created. A fourfold increase of this speed will permit us to reach the moon."

He concluded: "The Soviet people, exploiting scientific achievements, particularly atomic energy for peaceful purposes, will create new celestial bodies—interplanetary stations and cosmic ships, so as to penetrate more and more deeply into the mysteries of the universe and expand the power of the human mind over nature."

Two weeks later, the Soviet Academy of Sciences announced the establishment of the Tsiolkovsky Gold Medal, to be awarded every three years "for the most outstanding work in the field of interplanetary communications." K. Tsiolkovsky was a celebrated Russian astrophysicist of the early 1900's whose pioneering interest in the possibility of interplanetary flights is a matter of pride for the Russians today.

An Early Start

There is a widespread notion in the West that the Russians may know a lot about rockets because at the end of the Second World War they succeeded in locating and taking to the U.S.S.R. a number of German V-2 specialists—a larger number, indeed, than Americans brought back to the States. It is estimated that the Soviets bagged some two thousand German rocket experts, while the United States managed to discover and enlist only 480.

But the Soviets do not like to be shown as beholden to German brains. In their statements on rockets they say not a word about their borrowings from any western source, German or other. The Russians say that they have achieved so much in rockets because they started research in this field much earlier than any other nation. On June 14, the Moscow *Literaturnaya Gazeta* boasted, "The world's first Society for Interplanetary Communication was organized by Soviet aeronautical specialists thirty years ago." As far back as fifty years ago Tsiolkovsky was said to have figured out "the theoretical possibility of flights beyond the earth's atmosphere." Tsiolkovsky's statement of 1911 is now widely quoted: "Mankind will not remain on the earth forever, but in its quest of more light and space will at first timidly penetrate beyond the atmosphere and will follow it up by con-

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querying for itself all the space around the sun."

Today the main Communist research in the field of interplanetary flights is carried on by the astronautical section of the Central Aero Club of the U.S.S.R., with headquarters in Moscow. N. Varbarov, a prominent Red physicist, is its chairman. Some in the group are biologists who study possible effects of space travel on the human body. Questions of temperatures beyond the earth's atmosphere, of gravity, of food and drink, and other such problems are considered.

'The Coming Thing'

Should we take these Russian astroscientists seriously? Yes, we should, say some American experts. Last summer among my luncheon companions at a foreign-policy conference on an American campus there was a colonel from the Air War College. He listened carefully to the speaker of the occasion, a NATO representative, expound on the Allied land and sea forces in Europe. Then he shook his head and whispered: "True, true . . . Still, our chief concern should be those Russian rockets. They are the coming thing."

The Soviet claim that Russians are among the very first to think seriously and scientifically of interplanetary travel finds support in such a sound observer as Vice Admiral Leslie C. Stevens, U.S.N. (Ret.), former American naval attaché in Moscow. While on duty in the Soviet Union he acquired a Russian book, first published in 1903 (most likely by Tsiolkovsky), devoted to a simple and clear technical discussion of guided missiles for space travel. "My copy," remarks Stevens in *Russian Assignment*, "is one of fifty thousand of the tenth edition, published in Leningrad in 1935. . . . Interplanetary travel is just the thing to catch the Russian imagination. . . . There is an excellent chance that the Russian engineers, who do not lack for brains, will pioneer in this field."

FOREMOST in paying attention to Soviet researches in the field is George P. Sutton, chief of the Astrophysics Department of North American Aviation, Inc. Early in May he sounded a note of warning to the members of the third annual Symposium of Space Travel, held at the Hayden Planetarium in New York.

Privately studying whatever fragmentary data he could find on the interplanetary work done behind the Iron Curtain, Sutton summarized his investigations of ten years as follows: Rocket work has first priority in Russia. The Soviets' Model 103, a liquid-propelled rocket engine, weighing astonishingly little (perhaps no more than two American automobiles), has the thrust of fifty-three conventional turbojet engines, exceeding five times the thrust of the German V-2 rocket.

The Soviet aim is to have a 5,000-mile-per-hour guided missile, said Sutton. It would emit a 160-foot tongue of flame with a temperature of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit, twice the melting point of steel. Inside the rocket the pressure would be nine hundred pounds per square inch, which is much higher than in any other known rocket. The blast sending the rocket on its way would burn a tremendous hole in the launching site.

If a Red satellite of the earth is finally evolved by the Russians, Sutton continued, it would easily carry passengers. A two-million-horsepower blast would start it off, and it would girdle the globe every four hours at the height of a few hundred or thousand miles above the earth. It would bombard the earth with radio propaganda; it would keep the western camp under constant observation and threat; and, finally, it could be used for war and conquest. "Right now the Soviets are erecting elaborate bombproof launching stations in their part of Europe," he declared.

The Warnings of Experts

The existence of Soviet launching stations suggests to Sutton and other American experts that even if the Soviets do not launch space platforms, they are planning to use rockets with deadly warheads against us.

Sutton quoted Soviet engineering reports as saying that the Russians are designing a winged version of the German V-2 that would develop two million horsepower. It would carry an atomic warhead a distance of five hundred to a thousand miles in about half an hour. Another, a two-stage missile, would have a range of 1,865 miles.

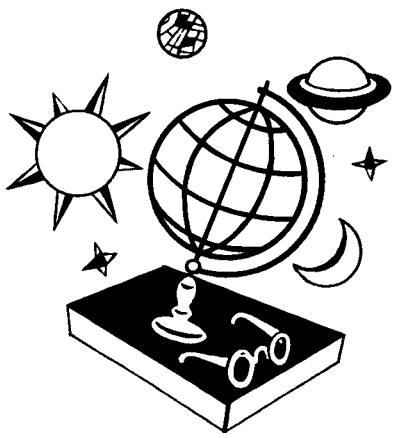
Other specialists have issued yet sterner warnings. Last July 21, Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, former Secretary of the Air Force, in a carefully prepared speech to fellow lawmakers in Washington said that the Soviets were apparently attempting to create an intercontinental missile with a hydrogen warhead, a range of four to five thousand miles, and a margin of accuracy measured in mere hundreds of yards.

IN THE opinion of Walter Dornberger, it may take the Soviets six to nine years to achieve an operational long-range guided missile. He feels that Americans can do the same job in five years and perhaps even less, but to do this, much red tape has to be cut and cleared away and one-man authority instituted in this all-important field of research and production. He claims that in the United States too many channels of authority have to be navigated before even a simple decision is made.

Dornberger is the German scientist-general who was the Nazi-appointed and (he now claims) Nazi-hampered head of all the V-2 missile experimentation at Peenemünde. He has been in the United States since 1945, working first for the Pentagon and later for the Bell Aircraft Company.

The Pentagon appears to agree with Dornberger. Late last July, it was made known that in the Pentagon's view of the situation the Soviets might put into the air their first intercontinental ballistic missile no later than 1960.

All this is but a glimpse of the Russian rocket effort. But even that is sufficient to tell us that a crucial race in astrophysics and astronautics is on.



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The Plane, the Blast Furnace, And the Shoemaker

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

ONE NIGHT last month a huge, high-finned airplane of unfamiliar design skimmed over the twinkling lights of Paris, settled down to an easy landing at Orly Airport, and taxied up the passenger apron where it towered strikingly above the Constellations and Skymasters clustered there. It was the new seventy-ton *Armagnac*, the world's largest airliner, arriving from Bogotá, Colombia, with the first passengers since the war to cross the Atlantic in a French-built aircraft.

Heading the passenger list was Diomède Catroux, France's thirty-six-year-old Secretary of State for the Air Force, who had personally ordered the giant craft to Bogotá, some eight thousand feet above sea level, to demonstrate its suitability as a carrier in the thin atmosphere of the Andes on the South American run. As a symptom of French technological vitality, the *Armagnac* was of some interest to a world which has long looked upon France as the Sick Man of the West, but it was actually only one incident in France's industrial renascence.

For the last two years, while American economic pundits wagged their heads over France's incurable backwardness and the French themselves felt as if they were slowly stifling in a generally stagnant economy, a group of French engineers and technicians have been quietly working on what is probably the most ambitious Point Four project in the world. At Paz del Rio, high up in the Colombian cordilleras, they have been building a whole industrial complex—a blast furnace with a yearly capacity of 122,000 tons, a rolling mill, and other essential components—intended to provide Colombia with a ready-made modern steel industry. A consortium of French metallurgical firms won the $100-million contracts for this project in the teeth of fierce American, British, and German competition, and French banks, drawing on the miraculously resuscitated savings of a supposedly extinct bourgeoisie, financed approximately a third of its cost. To fulfill the contracts sixty thousand tons of material had to be shipped from France to Barranquilla, where it was moved by rail and river

barge to specially built roads leading over mountain passes nine thousand feet high.

Early in October the blast furnace —the third one to be built south of Rio Grande—was inaugurated by the Colombian government, and various French notables were invited to the ceremony, with Catroux officially representing the Mendès-France Government. On the eve of Catroux' departure from Paris he had startled Allied aviation experts with the revelation that France was seriously at work on an atomic-powered aircraft. At Paz del Rio he made it clear that France, itself the beneficiary of much U.S. technical assistance, was now sufficiently advanced in its domestic programs of industrial renovation to lend a helping hand to less advanced nations.

"Our great schools are open to young Colombians," he declared, "but I feel we should go further and organize study missions to French factories for your workers and management personnel. I hope that agreements to this effect will be concluded between our two governments."

Iron, Electricity, Oil

Though the Paz del Rio project is probably the most spectacular illustration of France's resurgence as a modern industrial nation increasingly able to meet international competition, it is by no means the only one. A recent ceremonial visit of President René Coty to the French steel province of Lorraine produced the picturesque revelation that the new public water system of Mecca, Arabia, is equipped with iron pipes cast in the huge century-old foundry of Pont-à-Mousson. Since the war this venerable pillar of French industry has undergone a drastic modernization and is aggressively winning new markets for France throughout the Middle East. Still more significantly, Pont-à-Mousson has been selling its pipes—or the licenses for the special techniques used in their manufacture—to the economic mecca across the Atlantic, where the art of making cast-iron tubes is not wholly unknown.

Thanks to the Monnet Plan, France's production of electrical energy has jumped from 21 million kilowatt-hours in 1938 to over 41

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million in 1953 and is still climbing. The soaring steel towers with their thick cables, carrying current from the great new dams that are springing up in the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Massif Central to the industrial centers of the nation, have become a familiar feature amid the orchards and meadows of the classic French countryside. A more recent and startling feature is the oil derricks that are starting to sprout incongruously from lush Norman pastures, from high Alpine valleys, from the rolling foothills of the Pyrenees, and above all from the Landes, the pine-covered flats that begin southwest of Bordeaux and stretch almost to the Spanish border. A sensational oil strike near the village of Parentis in the heart of this region has convinced some French experts that the wealth of a new Texas lies under the Landes.

Even if this particular hope is disappointed, the petroleum and natural-gas resources discovered in France since the war with new techniques of prospecting have already added a significant factor to the French economy. According to no less an authority than Premier Pierre Mendès-France, within a short time France will be producing twenty per cent of its crude petroleum needs from its own soil.

It is particularly encouraging that progress is reflected not only in spectacular achievements that appeal to the French thirst for *la gloire* but in an increasing number of modest, prosaic, yet tremendously fruitful victories over the inertia of habit and prejudice. For example, take the activities of Marcel Soulet, a husky thirty-four-year-old from Marseilles, who looks and talks rather like the quiet sort of Texan. Soulet does nothing more glamorous than run a medium-sized shoe factory inherited from his father.

In 1950 Soulet and three other shoe manufacturers out of the three thousand in France signed up as voluntary guinea pigs in an experimental productivity program worked out between the French and U.S. governments in the framework of the Economic Cooperation Administration. For Soulet it was a bold decision. It meant considerable expense to modernize his plant equipment. It also meant turning loose a team of American experts to reorganize the business founded in 1875 by his great-grandfather. It meant pledging himself to raise the wages of his workers and lower the price of his shoes as his business expanded. Worst of all, it meant opening up his factory and his books—which French industrialists traditionally guard as jealously from possible rivals as they do from the tax collector—to the inspection of any officials or businessmen interested in the experiment.

"You had to have faith to sign a pledge like that," Soulet explained to me over a cloudy glass of native *pastis* at his home in a corner of the factory compound on the grimy industrial outskirts of Marseilles, filmed with gray dust from the surrounding cement factories. Soulet had faith. In part he had inherited it from the founding ancestor who had pioneered in merchandising techniques by selling the carpet slippers he manufactured in dozens of thirteen pairs, and from his father, Roger, a hero of the First World War who, after his demobilization, had moved the family factory to a new site a hundred yards away and built what for the times was an ultra-modern plant. Above all Soulet had visited the United States—at his own expense—in 1947, and like many other French businessmen who were later to make the pilgrimage as members of ECA or Mutual Security Agency study missions, had absorbed American concepts of productivity with an intensity that amounted almost to religious conversion.

Not Machines Alone

On his return from the United States Soulet pottered about the family factory in a rather tentative fashion, adding some modern American, German, and Swedish machines. But already he understood what an increasing number of French industrialists are beginning to realize—that modernizing minds is more important than modernizing machines.

"The shoe factories I saw when I was in the United States were better equipped than most of ours," Soulet related, "but from a purely technological viewpoint the difference was not enormous. The real secret of your high productivity, I discovered, lay in your rational methods of pro-

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duction and above all in the social climate prevailing in your factories, in the confidence and co-operation existing between labor and management, in the initiative and sense of responsibility manifested at every level of the industrial hierarchy."

For all his faith, Soulet did not think that a comparable atmosphere could be created in France until he signed his productivity pledge and went to attend a productivity school at Fontaine-le-Port near Paris founded by Roger Christa, a dynamic official of the metallurgical industry's Comité des Forges and a leading government consultant whose numerous disciples look upon him as the father of the new French productivity. After an intensive week's training at the school, Soulet returned to Marseilles and dispatched in turn all the members of his management force for similar training. The last was his sales manager, who took a six-week course in work-simplification techniques, human relations, and allied subjects so that he could train the whole plant force on the job. At about the same time various American specialists from the FCA mission in Paris came to Marseilles and advised Soulet on the reorganization of his factory.

THE RESULT today is an incongruous but effective blending of French and American influences. On one side of the main gate to the factory is a quaint, rather moving survival of nineteenth-century paternalism—a huge gilded frame surrounding the company honor roll where the names of those employees who have distinguished themselves in one of nine categories of professional or moral excellence (including a category for Politeness and Deportment) are posted each week. Actually there are ten categories, but the last one—Honesty and Integrity—never had a name after it.

"It's a tradition to leave that line blank," Soulet explained. "We just take it for granted that everyone is honest."

Opposite the honor roll are a series of slogans in peppy commercial French: "The Prosperity of the Company Is the Prosperity of the Worker," "Think About What You're Doing—It's the Only Way to Do It Right," and "There's Always a Better Way to Do It"—this last a special favorite in the factory. In accordance with the most advanced American doctrines, the employees are not merely trained to do their jobs right; they are educated and encouraged to find ways of doing them better. In Soulet's company the suggestion box is a major work tool and a substantial source of bonuses to the staff.

The day I visited the factory there was considerable excitement because one of the workers had hit a fifty-dollar jackpot by discovering that a checking process could be eliminated without loss. Soulet's policy of encouraging suggestions from his workers has unleashed the French passion for tinkering, and throughout the plant one can see home-carpentered contraptions of wood and cardboard and wire invented by the staff which by reducing waste motion or unnecessary effort carry out the most scientific principles of work simplification. They also help give the factory, which employs two hundred men and women and produces on the average seven hundred pairs of shoes a day, an air of happy French clutter that is reinforced by the antiquated appearance of some of the machines—retained because it turned out that they were just as efficient as more modern ones—and by the fact that in half the factory the moving assembly line, long the symbol of industrial servitude, has been replaced by an untidy but more efficient system of shuffling boxes around from one worker to another.

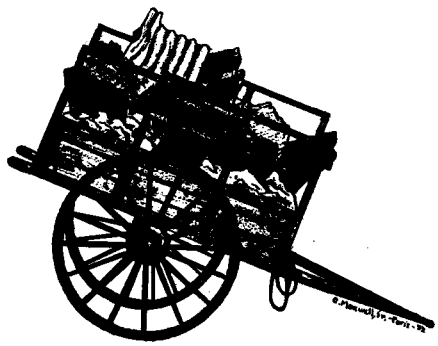
"Assembly lines slow down production to the pace of the average worker," one of Soulet's engineers explained, "whereas we want to give every worker a chance to do his best."

A complex system of bonuses for superior performance provides incentive, but record breakers are kept within reasonable limits to avoid excessive fatigue.

The Magic of Mr. Shaw

Since the start of the experiment the productivity of Soulet's workers has increased exactly 100 per cent. Their basic wages have gone up sixteen per cent on top of several industry-wide raises imposed by government decree, and Soulet's system of incentive bonuses swells the worker's pay envelope by up to thirty per cent more. At the same time Soulet has reduced the price of his shoes by an average of three hundred francs a pair, he has added more than twenty new retail branch stores to the twenty he had throughout France, and though he did not mention his personal profits he was obviously not disappointed in this aspect of the experiment.

"I owe it all to Mark Shaw," Soulet said generously but inaccurately. Mark T. Shaw, who retired a few years ago as head of a chain of retail stores in Texas and California, has been serving since 1952 as a productivity adviser under the U.S. technical-assistance programs in France. He headed the expert mission that helped Soulet reorganize his business. Some of the most important improvements in production methods had already been made at the



Soulet plant before the American mission arrived, and Shaw himself is not a production expert but a merchandising man.

"Until Shaw came along we did

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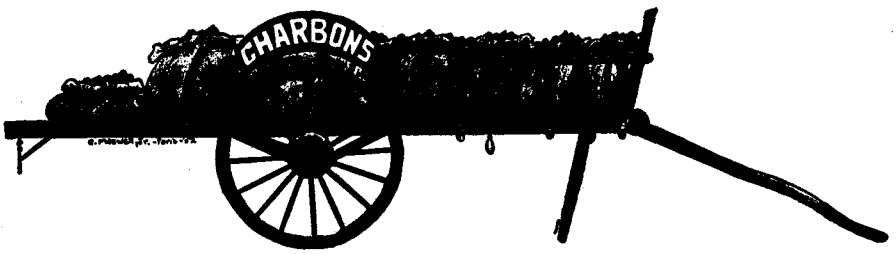

not even understand such simple things as psychological pricing," Soulet confessed. "Now all our shoes are psychologically priced—1,490 francs a pair, for example, instead of 1,500. We used to lose a lot of sales in our stores because our female customers would spend all their time admiring themselves in the full-length mirrors instead of admiring the shoes they were trying on. Now we have only knee-high mirrors and we sell a lot more shoes."

AMERICAN productivity experts in France believe that in the present state of the French economy, ignorance of the arcana of merchandising—along with such related specialties as advertising and salesmanship—is a greater obstacle to progress than any merely technological lag. Because Soulet had been selling shoes in driblets he had been making them in driblets. Certain models were popular and could be profitably produced in mass quantities. Others were so little in demand that a production run of six pairs would provide enough stock for a year. Shaw persuaded him to concentrate on twenty-five basic models instead of the hundred-odd he had been producing hitherto, and by suitable merchandising techniques to create a sufficient demand for each of these models to justify producing them in runs of at least a hundred pairs. With that volume Soulet's modern machines and scientifically trained workers could operate efficiently.

Co-operation for Profit

These classic benefits of specialization would not have been possible at Soulet's without another arrangement worked out by Shaw. As part of his "Blue Plan" for the guidance of the French shoe industry, Shaw proposed a manufacturers' co-operative, initially consisting of the four companies participating in the productivity experiment, to sell goods under one common trade label while retaining their separate identities. This co-operative enables Soulet to specialize in the production of twenty-five basic models without turning away customers from his stores, for he trades stocks with the other three manufacturers and keeps the shelves of his stores lined with their models as well as his own.

Co-operative groupings of various sorts are springing up increasingly in French industry and commerce. Four medium-sized metal works in the Loire Valley recently joined in such an arrangement. Co-operative buying is practiced by many small retail stores and some of them form voluntary chains to pool their resources to hire merchandising experts or to advertise collectively. Small and medium-sized industries are trying to compensate for one of the chronic weaknesses of French industry—the failure to spend enough on research—by subsidizing collective laboratories.

The French foundry industry, which includes two thousand foundries averaging fifty workers apiece, has established a technical center, financed by a tax on members' volume of business, which is in effect a permanent technical-assistance mission. If a member wants instruction about the most efficient way of casting a propeller, the engineers at the technical center, after reading all the literature on the subject and if necessary consulting the leading expert in the field, draw him free of charge a complete blueprint, which is then made available to all other members so that the most advanced techniques in the industry quickly become standard in even the smallest foundries.

SOME of the institutions developed for stimulating productivity in France represent a more advanced form of social co-operation than anything existing in U.S. business, but there seems no doubt that the sudden burgeoning of productivity in French industry primarily reflects the impact of U.S. economic-assistance programs, particularly their technical-assistance phase.

"You keep preaching something month after month and never seem to get a flicker of response," one U.S. economic official said to me with a wry smile, "and then one day the man you've been talking to suddenly pops out with it as if it were his own idea which he had just thought up, and from then on there is no holding him back."

Productivity has suddenly become a French idea—not because the French imagine they have invented it but because they have succeeded in translating it out of the American economic context into the French. It has caught on not only with French officialdom but with business and the general public too.

The view held a few months ago by followers of Mendès-France that a radical officially directed "revolution" was needed to lift France out of the economic mire is giving place to a more sophisticated realization that the economic revolution is already well under way.

Government action is needed mainly to maintain pressure on capital to share the benefits of increased productivity with labor and consumer, to mop up the pockets of entrenched backwardness that are still very much in evidence, and to assure maximum exploitation of the breakthroughs of progress that have already occurred.

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Balloons for a Captive Audience

GEORGE CLAY

It is perhaps a significant commentary on our age that the hydrogen bomb, that horror of higher mathematics, should now lie side by side in the West's arsenal with one of the most carefree symbols of childhood: the balloon. Since last April 29, more than one hundred thousand hydrogen-filled neoprene rubber and polyethylene plastic film balloons—each over four feet in diameter and capable of carrying a three-pound cargo—have deluged the people of Czechoslovakia with upwards of fifty million anti-régime leaflets, stickers, manifestoes, mock election ballots, and lightweight newspapers. If this is a matter, as some critics have phrased it, of "grown men playing with balloons," there are a lot of adults involved, and the game is turning out to be elaborate indeed.

To launch its "drops," the Free Europe Committee (parent organization to Radio Free Europe, and to date the sole practitioner of co-ordinated balloon-broadcast psychological warfare) has built special housing and mess quarters at its West German border sites. It is also installing field communication and weather reading facilities, training technical personnel, and spending considerable sums to improve "aim," calculate areas of cargo "scatter," and develop an accurate method of tracking balloon fleets to their destinations. Having already bought up all the available hydrogen in West Germany, the F.E.C. is now scouring France and Italy for additional supplies to fill the hundreds of thousands of balloons that will be required to drop future issues of its biweekly newspaper, *Free Europe*. This paper, printed in eight-page strips (two million of them per issue) which accordion down to the size of a pocket book, has been in the air, so to speak, since early June.

While there is nothing new about the balloon idea—a Russian exile named Vladimir Engelson wrote the French Minister of War on May 23, 1854, suggesting he use them to stir up the Russian people against the Crimean War—it has been slow in proving itself as an effective weapon of propaganda for the simple but decisive reason that until a year or so ago there seemed little the West could say in leaflets that could not be broadcast to the captive populations more quickly and far more effectively. As long as

we rejected the murderous notion of inciting unarmed and unaided peoples to rise up against their leaders, there was little we could safely say in a leaflet but "Take courage—be patient—we haven't forgotten you."

The Free Europe Committee said just that via balloon to the Czechs and Slovaks in August, 1951, and again in July, 1953. While it needed saying, particularly after the Czechoslovak and East German demonstrations, neither of these isolated balloon operations was backed by a long-term program.

Rebuilding on Rocks

It wasn't until the full score was in on the June, 1953, outbreaks and concessions were being granted throughout the Soviet orbit that F.E.C adopted what Edmond Taylor, in an article in *The Reporter* of November 10, 1953, called the "strategy of attacking Communism in terms of its own professed ideals and forcing the Communists to behave in an un-Communist way by seeming to take them at their word." The change was made possible by the fact that the Communist régimes had at last uttered words they could actually be taken up on—not only abstract ideals but specific promises to better the lot of workers, farmers, and housewives. The rocks the east Berliners had thrown at Soviet tanks proved the futility of our previous all-or-nothing resistance concept. But they also symbolized an unrest so widespread and effective that it allowed the formulation of a new concept of internal opposition to undermine the political and economic structures of the "People's Democracies." This, for the first time, was a long-term program that the spoken word could accomplish more effectively in conjunction with the printed word.

What F.E.C. did was to sift out the principal sources of Czechoslovak resistance by analyzing the Communist régime's press and radio and talking to thousands of escapees, then to incorporate these complaints in a ten-point "People's Opposition" platform outlining concrete, attainable demands such as more housing, higher wages, lower norms, freedom to change jobs, and the right of farmers to leave collectives. Beginning about three weeks before last May's national committee elections (rigged to purge local governing bodies and restaff them with "activists"), the F.E.C. ballooned in millions of leaflets, mock ballots, and stickers propagandizing the "People's Opposition" and urging Czechs and Slovaks to back candidates who would do most to achieve the "Ten Demands."

According to refugees who escaped during May, June, and July, nearly everyone had either read or heard about the "Ten Demands" and was discussing them openly. "The first leaflet I saw was given me by a Communist," said Karel Cihak, a pilot who escaped in a training plane on May 12, "and while I was reading it, a Communist was reading it over my

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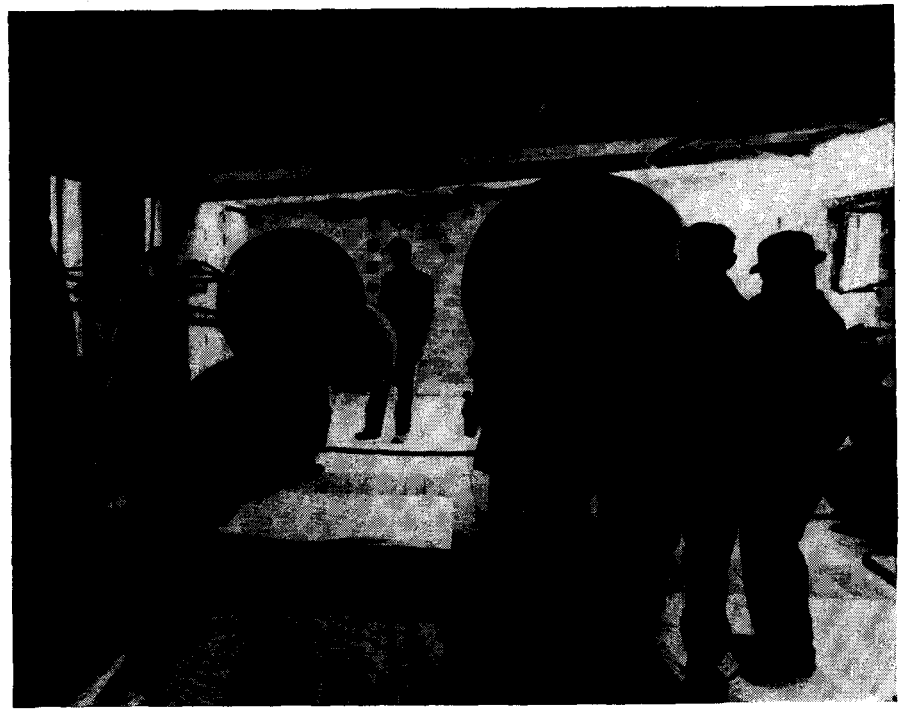
shoulder." Others reported that people had begun to write the figure "10" on Communist election posters at night. Opposition stickers, small enough to fit in the palm of the hand, were being pasted on the doors and windows of party agitation centers. Mock ballots were found on factory steps at the beginning of the morning shift. Well-known Communists received opposition leaflets in the mails, and hundreds of them were spread at a régime election rally at which Minister of Culture Vaclav Kopecky spoke.

The Communists, officially silent for about a week, let fly seventy volleys by the end of May—first from Czechoslovak President Antonín Zapotocky and his press and radio, then from Radio Moscow and *Pravda,* and finally from the other satellite régimes in unison. The prospect of combating a concrete action program had obviously disturbed party leaders. "The authors of these leaflets," the Prague government protested to the U.S. Embassy in an aggrieved tone, ". . . feign an interest in the rights and social achievements of the Czechoslovak working people." *Pravda* denounced the campaign in doctrinaire invective, but carefully withheld the exact content of the "Ten Demands" from its readers. As the national committee elections drew near, Zapotocky reportedly brought up special police patrols and marshaled fresh speakers to score the "traitorous émigrés" of Radio Free Europe.



2 + 2 = 10

The unexpected way in which the "Ten Demands" seemed to have caught on and been adopted by the Czechoslovak people as spontaneous expressions of their own self-interest decided F.E.C. to continue its balloon operations indefinitely through a biweekly newspaper—in effect, to establish an opposition press to supplement its opposition radio. According to the Committee, neither leaflets nor broadcasts alone could have put over the "Ten Demands." "The physical link," says Jan Stransky, head of the Czechoslovak desk at Free Europe Press, "has a mystical power. You know that somehow the West managed to get this piece of paper to you, and quite aside from its message, it becomes a kind of talisman. As for the printed word, it has an important residual effect. Unlike the spoken word, you can save it and return to it or pass it on at leisure."

On the other hand, many escapees who brought news of the "Ten Demands" hadn't seen a single balloon or leaflet themselves; they had heard the "Demands" over RFE and memorized them because they knew, either through RFE or the grapevine, of intense excitement miles away where leaflets *had* been found.

The leaflets had brought radio into more urgent contact with the people. And radio, with its wide and regular audience, had guaranteed unified impact for the balloon operation. To quote Samuel S. Walker, Jr., an F.E.C. vice-president and the man primarily responsible for getting the printed word behind the Iron Curtain: "It was a case of two plus two adding up to ten."

THIS ENTHUSIASM for balloons is not shared universally. When Walker's equation was put to an official of the U.S. Information Agency, he shook his head and smiled. "How do we know it's two plus two?" he asked. "How can we be sure it's not two plus point zero zero zero one?"

The truth is that no one can be sure. Not yet. One can only tot up the number of farmers who actually do leave collective farms, watch work norms and wage scales to see whether they go up or down, analyze régime investment policies to see whether housing and consumer-goods budgets are on the increase, evaluate the results of this fall's shop-committee elections. F.E.C. has already found complaints in the régime's press that labor-union officials are protecting soft norms and indulging shift skippers (Demand No. 1), failing to report job hoppers (Demand No. 3), and extending workers' free time and vacations (Demand No. 4). Even so, it is virtually impossible to judge how much of this sort of thing is due to the pressure of the "People's Opposition," much less to apportion credit for the success of the "Ten Demands" between the printed word and the spoken word.

BUT APART from short-term, measurable results, F.E.C. hopes that its press-radio program will help to give disparate anti-régime elements a feeling of unity about their political targets by getting farmers, workers, and party small fry to work, each in ways of his own choosing, for the "Demand" most important to him. Even if some of the "Demands" are never achieved, F.E.C. reasons, Czechs and Slovaks will become accustomed to expressing themselves in terms of positive action. They will be preparing themselves for a time when inside and outside pressures

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might combine to bring about some really fundamental changes.

Radiofication

No matter what one's opinion of this approach may be, and whether or not one shares F.E.C.'s conviction that balloons, in partnership with radio, offer the best means to pursue it, there is another justification for their immediate development. With every month that passes, RFE, the Voice of America, and the British Broadcasting Corporation are being rendered more and more obsolete by what the Communist régimes call radiofication—a widespread program to replace wireless sets by wired or telephonic radio.

The wired "radio" is not a radio at all, but simply a loudspeaker (such as can be found in many American hotel rooms or in stores and restaurants under the trade name Muzak) equipped with an on-off switch and volume control. The satellite régimes have built up whole networks of such loudspeakers—installing them in apartments and homes as well as factories, public squares, and cafeterias—and connected them by overhead wires to diffusion centers. These centers, usually set up in the local post office, are operated by party functionaries who use a powerful wireless receiver to relay selections of official programs and a microphone to fill in with local propaganda material. Essentially, Communist radiofication is a massive public-address system extended to private dwellings. Should the Communist régimes replace all existing wireless sets by loudspeakers, they would obviously "wire out" all western reception.

Spokesmen for the satellite régimes have made no bones about their intentions; on May 7, Czechoslovak Minister of Communications Alois Neuman hailed wired radio as a way to "completely prevent disturbances of our radio transmissions." But the Communists have so far hesitated to confiscate wireless sets outright. They install wired radio automatically in new urban housing projects, and introduce it to many rural communities along with electrification, but for the most part they have relied on a combination of economic and political pressures to achieve their goal.

In Poland, a wireless set costs about $200, as against $25 for a loudspeaker; Czechoslovak stores charge $150 for a three-wave set, while the state will install a loudspeaker for $6; in Hungary, the comparison is $70 to $17.50; in Romania, $75 to $15. But even if you can afford a wireless, there is a six-month waiting list; the few sets the state stores have in stock are usually sold to high officials or shock workers. Owners of old wireless sets are confronted by the deliberate shortages and high prices of Communist-manufactured replacement parts. There are no tubes at all for imported sets such as Telefunken, Philips, and Blaupunkt. Should you happen to find what you need, you still purchase it at a political risk: Radio stores have to turn in a weekly list of those who have bought spare parts.

Quick, Cheerful Service

Your loudspeaker, on the other hand, will generally be installed within four hours after you have told the postman you want one, and if it goes on the blink you can exchange it for a new one free of charge. But once you have it, or move into an apartment already wired by the government, you may be "persuaded" to turn in your old wireless or refused the license for a new one on the ground that it is "superfluous" and, worse, an indication that you listen to foreign broadcasts. In 1950, the Hungarian Post Office Department went so far as to remove short-wave bands from many wireless sets, unless owners specifically requested that they be retained.

By these and other more or less overt pressures, the Communists have spread radiofication at an alarming rate. In Hungary the number of installed loudspeakers has risen from almost none three years ago to more than 371,000 today: thirty-four per cent of the existing sets, of all kinds, in the entire country. Of four hundred thousand or so new radios produced since 1951, ninety-two per cent have been of the wired variety and at least some of the remaining eight per cent have been absorbed by wired-radio centers. Wireless sets are still being produced, and their cost has even been reduced within the past year, but these are for the most part weak two- and three-tube sets, "fixed" to receive three transmitters: Kossuth, Petöfi, and the local relay station.

The Hungarian pattern is roughly representative of the satellite area as a whole. Bulgaria, which had a few thousand wired radios three years ago, has about two hundred thousand today—forty-six per cent of the total. Romania reached 280,000 last May, more than half of which had been installed in the past year. Should government plans for an additional million loudspeakers by the end of 1955 be fulfilled, the proportion of total radios wired would jump from its present forty-seven per cent to around eighty per cent.

Poland has been less vulnerable to radiofication than the Balkan satellites because a greater proportion of Polish villages already had electricity and there were already a considerable number of wireless owners when the Communists took over. Still, the number of loudspeakers in Poland had risen from about eighteen thousand in 1945 to more than 1,179,000 by April of this year—forty-five per cent of the total.

With three million wireless sets for a population of less than thirteen million, Czechoslovakia has a much lower proportion of loudspeakers than any satellite with the possible exception of East Germany, which has an estimated western listening audience of eight million. But wired radio wasn't even introduced in Czechoslovakia until July, 1953, and there are already plans to install two hundred thousand by the end of this year. According to the régime's own

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press, "Ultimately, every town and village will be equipped."

CERTAINLY there is no guarantee as to the accuracy of official Communist statistics. Economic plans are often wildly optimistic; the production, installation, upkeep, and operation of wired networks is extremely costly, both in terms of strategic materials and trained personnel; there are ways of dodging the government's radiofication drive; and to do away with all but a handful of wireless sets would have its drawbacks, even for a dictatorship. Whether the Communists consider total radiofication worth the sacrifice may ultimately depend on the direction of political developments in the Soviet Union. But certainly the trend is unmistakable. In Poland, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria, the captive audience has risen from zero three years ago to roughly two citizens out of five today.

There is no entirely adequate way of meeting this challenge. No other weapon of psychological warfare will be able to slug it out with the Communists with the speed, saturation, immediacy of impact, and variety of radio. Balloons may eventually have to come to radio's rescue —perhaps by dropping miniature wireless sets behind the Iron Curtain, as RCA's David Sarnoff suggested in 1951; or the balloons themselves may have to bear the full burden of communication. But in the meantime, a program has at least been formulated by which the printed word can supplement the spoken word.

As this article is published, F.E.C. has expanded balloon operations, employing a new technique, to a second satellite. The obvious choice, for a number of reasons, was Hungary. This operation coincides with the Communist régime's harvest campaign, and Hungarian farmers have resisted more openly than the farmers of any other satellite. F.E.C.'s launching sites are near enough to Hungary's border to ensure a fair degree of accuracy. Last, and least discussed but not necessarily least important, loudspeaker production in Hungary is increasing by seven to eight thousand a month. At this rate, wired radio could dominate the country by 1957.

Senator McCarthy Catches a White Herring

DOUGLASS CATER

WHEN McCarthy's defenders are pressed, they are apt to employ a curious argument: "Name a single person he has hurt!"

I have no great difficulty in answering, for the very first of the so-called "adverse" witnesses whom the new chairman of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations summoned before it in 1953 was a young and very minor State Department employee, a friend of mine. I shall call him Peter Rostov. Peter rated only a single day's headlines, but he was "hurt" all right.

When McCarthy became chairman at the beginning of the Eighty-third Congress, there was much speculation about his first probe. Rumors about the McCarthy "loyal American underground" in the State Department being rife, it was assumed that his first strike would be a deadly one. Then came the announcement of public hearings to commence February 4, 1953, on the matter of the Department's files. Presumably McCarthy was planning to justify his earlier contention that the security files on Communists in the Department had been "raped," "purged," and "rifled."

McCarthy's hearings commenced with all the gush of a dry creek. Two State Department employees headed the procession of witnesses. One was a rather prudish matron, custodian of the Foreign Service personnel file room, who was vexed over the way people kept borrowing her files and delayed returning them. The other, a suspicious little security agent who had spent some time in the same file room, agreed that conditions there were "deplorable."

A newly arrived young committee counsel, Roy Cohn, worked manfully to inject a sinister note into this testimony. Hadn't a certain employee worked for a time in the file room, sometimes alone at night? Yes, it was John Stewart Service. It later turned out that Service had been assigned the job of revising the file system. At best McCarthy had turned up a sloppy file system, but the files related to employees' job records, not to information about Communists, homosexuals, and the like. This latter was collected by another division in a different building.

Birth of an Exile

My friend Rostov's name came into the proceedings almost casually. The woman custodian was airing a complaint that several years earlier the Recruitment Section had sometimes borrowed files on former employees who were reapplying and had put them in its own folders. This had caused a risk, she said, that permanent files might be destroyed. McCarthy asked for the name of the individual in the Recruitment Section who had done this. The woman mentioned Rostov. At this McCarthy interrupted: "May I say that the background which we have obtained from Mr. Rostov is that he was born in the Russian Legation subsequent to the Communist revolution, so that of necessity his parents had to be acceptable to the Communist régime . . ."

This was the real stuff—a Russian Communist messing with the Department's files. When the security agent followed the custodian to the stand, it became obvious that my friend Peter's role as villain had been carefully prearranged. The agent, at McCarthy's prompting, said he recalled a conversation between the woman custodian and Rostov, who by this time had moved to the Performance Measurement Branch of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel. Somewhat incoherently the agent testified: "I can't recall whether I heard her speak over the telephone, or whether she related it to me later. That was that there had been some discussion . . . about the removal of documents from the files and that she had told him that it

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was a violation of security . . . and that he had told her that it wasn't a violation of security but it was a policy matter."

SITTING at the press table in the Senate Caucus Room, I couldn't believe that McCarthy would wittingly select Peter Rostov as a victim. I had known Peter since January, 1943, when we enrolled in the same Russian-language class at Harvard. My first awareness of him came on the second day. We had been assigned the Russian alphabet. After laboring most of that night, I arrived in class elated over my prowess in assembling the preposterous symbols into a spoken word. But this youth down the row from me spoiled the fun by rattling off whole sentences. It turned out that he already knew Russian and had simply discovered a snap course.

Except for a watchmaker living in my native Montgomery, Alabama, he was the only Russian I had ever encountered. I soon learned that he, like the watchmaker, was of that species known as White Russian.

Peter's parents belonged to the Russian nobility. His father, an officer in the Czar's Imperial Guard, fought with Wrangel against the Revolution, was captured, sentenced to death, and escaped. With the final defeat of the White Russians, he and his wife fled to Turkey, and later to the United States. Peter, born in Turkey, arrived in America when he was five months old.

As I got to know Peter, and later his mother, who taught at the School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, I became aware of the depth of their hatred for Communism, though unlike many exiles they never allowed hatred to warp their lives. Mrs. Rostov, a large, cheerful woman and a rare cook, was warmly liked by young people. Peter was idealistic and emotional in true Russian fashion. He felt that it was his duty to serve his adopted country. In 1949 he got a job in the Library of Congress and married the daughter of a former American ambassador. In 1950 he moved over to the State Department, hoping to make his way into the career Foreign Service.

Not only Peter's background but his junior position in the Department made him unlikely game for McCarthy. One of two young men in the Records Section of the Performance Measurement Branch, he was earning a salary of approximately $4,700 a year.

Peter first received a subpoena to appear on half an hour's notice before McCarthy in executive session.

at which he was subjected to a confusing barrage of questions from McCarthy and Cohn. McCarthy was the only Senator present. The status of the Russian legation in Constantinople at the time of his birth was referred to briefly. Regrettably, Peter had always been so confident of his anti-Soviet past that he had never thought to check on this particular detail. Here he was vague.

After the executive session, he was called in daily for private conferences with committee investigator Don Surine, who systematically gave him the softening-up treatment. Just tell all you know, Surine would assure him, and you'll come out all right.

Peter told me that he was preparing a statement with the assistance of a prominent lawyer, a friend of his wife's family. At my urging he agreed to begin with a brief dramatic sentence that could be quoted by the reporters: "Few people have as much cause to hate Communism as my family."

On the Treadmill

When the session opened, this time with several subcommittee members present, McCarthy raised an objection. A committee rule, he said, specified that statements should be submitted twenty-four hours in advance. Then magnanimously he motioned the young witness to go ahead.

I had wondered, naïvely, if McCarthy would apologize for a mistake and dismiss Rostov from the witness stand, explaining that the uncertainty as to his place of birth was now cleared up. Peter had discovered there were two governments in Turkey at the time of his birth and two Russian legations; he, of course, was born in the White one. Instead, McCarthy interrupted the reading to comment sarcastically on Rostov's earlier uncertainty. When, he asked, as if it had great bearing on the issue, had the *recognized* government of Turkey recognized Communist Russia? Peter answered: "Recognized by whom, sir? The United States?"

Suddenly it became clear that McCarthy felt no regrets over the injustice done this young man. He wanted to trap him.

The effort had its ludicrous moments, though not for Peter. He mentioned a three-month vacation trip to South America in 1948, his only one outside the country since his arrival in 1923. "You traveled aboard a Swiss freighter, did you?" McCarthy said. No, Peter replied, it was not a Swiss but a Swedish freighter and it had been chartered by a U.S. shipping firm.

At another point, McCarthy asked why Mrs. Rostov "terminated her connection" with the School of Advanced International Studies. "She died, sir," Peter answered. Had Rostov seen State Department files indicating that the school was Communist-controlled at the time his mother was teaching there? Peter had not seen any such files, and was visibly shocked by this innuendo against a school whose reputation he never had doubted. McCarthy pressed the point for several minutes, then dropped it, remarking, "In any event, I think the record should show that the school was not designated as a Communist front after the investigation had been completed." This fantastic concession was tossed in so casually that Peter failed to catch its significance.

It was obvious, whatever may have been his reasons for calling Rostov, that McCarthy was getting nowhere. Still the inquiry continued. Why had Rostov transferred to the State Department from the Library of Congress at a reduction of salary? The temporary loss had amounted to approximately fifty dollars a year.

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and the new job offered better prospects. Had he not recommended a raise for a man who some time earlier had been rated "unsatisfactory" and who had subsequently recommended a raise for Peter? The man in question proved to be the administrative officer for the division; he had processed Peter's raise as a matter of routine but had never been recommended by Peter nor, it later turned out, had he ever been rated "unsatisfactory."

Senator Everett M. Dirksen, prompted by Cohn, joined in. Had Rostov met a certain gentleman—Dirksen spelled out the name with slow deliberation—on his trip to South America? Peter had not, but rather had known the gentleman, an old family friend, since childhood. Again, there was not a word to indicate why knowing this man —who by the way has since become a top-ranking office chief in the State Department—should be a subject of inquiry.

A Man Gets Tired

Peter had answered all questions fully and candidly. But the strain was beginning to tell. There had not been a word of encouragement from any of the committee members. Facing continuing hostility from McCarthy and Dirksen, Peter seemed suddenly weary. He felt, as he remarked later, isolated, abandoned by the State Department, confronted by Senatorial suspicion. His responses continued to make sense but he faltered as he made them, and he felt with increasing panic that he was failing to convince.

It still seems incredible to me that not one of the Senators was touched by compassion. Instead, they appeared to be delighted that the witness before them should be subjected to stress. Dirksen, particularly, appeared to relish the opportunity. Once Peter mentioned that a certain person had helped him fill out his application for employment. "If you were something of an expert . . . why would you have to go to someone else to ask how to fill out your form for government employment?" Dirksen asked with a sneer.

The Senators moved on to question him about State Department procedures. "Now let us get down to ten-cent words for a moment . . ."

THE NEW SPOILS SYSTEM

ERIC SEVAREID

AS OF right now, the permanent career corps of Federal employees aren't quite sure whether they are coming or going. When the Republicans took over the apparatus here two years ago, they held several fixed notions about the bureaucracy. One was that it was too big; so they have cut it about ten per cent. Another was that it was lazy; so various orders about coffee hours and such were issued. Another was that it was loaded with subversives, so firings under the undefinable phrase "security risk" became a major industry here, without, so far as I know, one certified Communist having been uncovered.

Another article of faith was that government ranks were filled with card-carrying Democrats. Republicans argued that Truman had blanketed into the permanent protected Civil Service ranks great numbers of ordinary employees who shouldn't be there. In order to force open these jobs, they blanketed out a number of these people and then fired them. In a test case on October 25, the Supreme Court decided this was illegal, and shouts of joy were heard from spokesmen of the Organized Federal Workers, who had been saying publicly that general morale among government employees is lower than it has been for forty years.

But confusion has returned. At his news conference on October 27, the President declared that political motives shall not operate in filling Civil Service jobs that are competitive and filled on a merit basis. In the same conference, however, he candidly endorsed a new system set up recently by his assistant, Sherman Adams. Under it the Republican National Committee will not only receive, scrutinize, and forward job applications but all Federal agencies must give the Committee monthly and weekly reports on job vacancies and jobs filled. This apparently covers everything. The Civil Service merit jobs are not exempted, and printed cards sent out from Adams's White House office some time ago to all agency heads state frankly that a main objective of the patronage program is to win elections for the party.

There is nothing new about the spoils system. The Democrats were artists at it. But this order is new at least in *degree*, in its systematic, wholesale technique and scope. In fact, in the view of some authorities here, it is also illegal, more clearly illegal than the maneuver the Supreme Court ruled against on October 25.

THE VERY premise the Republicans operate upon—that Federal employee ranks are overwhelmingly Democratic—is itself debatable. This is hard to put to a real test. But there have been some partial tests; while employees living in the District of Columbia cannot vote, those tens of thousands living in adjacent Virginia and Maryland counties can. And in both 1948 and 1952, those counties gave their majorities to the Republican candidate for President. It is at least permissible to suspect that those men and women making a career of the Federal service regard themselves, like other Americans, as free citizens voting their personal convictions as to who and what is best for their country.

It is dangerous to generalize about the spirits of a large body of persons; there is no way to prove that government employee morale *is* at its lowest in forty years. But where it is low, that is probably due not so much to new variations on the spoils system as to the indignities—the statements about laziness, the wholesale "security-risk" accusations, the secret order this summer for surveillance of employees' private behavior, such as the kind of parties they attend—due, in short, to the attitude of some administrators that government employees are suspect, second-class citizens, to be watched and proctored by those who assert for themselves a greater virtue.

A MAXIM often expressed by a very great Republican, Henry Stimson, has been ignored. "The way to make people trustworthy," he used to say, "is to give them trust."

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS Radio October 28.)

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said Dirksen. "Maybe we ought to deal in sixteen-cylinder words here, and you would understand it," said Senator Henry Jackson, who seemed smitten with an urge to prove that he too could be tough.

Reading the printed transcript away from the oppressive atmosphere of the committee room, I have tried to understand what it was that irritated the Senators so. Rostov's answers, though verbose, were not confusing. Put together they represent a clear and reasonable analysis of the Department practices under question. I can find only one clue to the trouble. It was that each time Peter was close to making a convincing point, McCarthy, with apparent deliberation, would interject a question that threw the whole subject into confusion.

PETER'S ENTRAPMENT came over a complicated State Department procedure for handling the routine promotion of Foreign Service personnel. The performance procurement files assembled in Peter's section were submitted to special selection boards, and simultaneously the lists of names were sent over to the Security Division for checking. If derogatory material was reported on a name, the case was submitted to a high-ranking departmental committee for adjudication. Since the selection boards had no facilities for investigating allegations affecting security, they were not concerned with this aspect of a man's records.

Conceivably there might be a better system. This one at least was logical. Certainly there was nothing to indicate it could be a means of subverting security procedures. When McCarthy, alluding to Rostov's testimony, asked if he still approved the practice of removing material about a man's unusual moral habits from the performance-measurement files, Peter replied straightforwardly, "I approve of the idea and the practice that security information should not be made available to the selection boards."

The answer annoyed the Senators. Jackson could not understand why the selection boards should go to all the work of recommending promotions if the Security Division was then going to cause some to be rejected. He later conceded that this was a matter beyond Rostov's competence to answer.

The Senators' underlying assumption, for which there was no basis in fact, was that the personnel files were the repository of vast amounts of derogatory material that Rostov and others were seeking to remove. Several times Peter tried to explain, unsuccessfully, that matters relating to homosexuality and Communist affiliation would not be placed in

the personnel files at all, but would be sent over to the Security Division where they belonged.

But his explanation fell on deaf ears. When McCarthy saw that Rostov was sufficiently worn down, he put the question in its deadliest form: "Do you still think it is a very good idea to deny the promotion board the knowledge that a man they were about to promote was a homosexual?" Rostov tried desperately to make the matter clear once and for all. "I will have to elaborate on that. May I?" he asked wearily. "No, you may not," McCarthy snapped. "We are going to adjourn right shortly . . . If you can, answer that 'Yes' or 'No.'" Rostov answered "Yes, sir, I think that is a good idea."

And Soon Forgotten

The hearing was recessed. Peter was admonished to be present when the committee reconvened. A newspaper reporter turned to his colleagues, real desperation in his voice. "My God," he said, "how do you write that story?" Evidently most reporters tried and failed. In nearly every paper I saw the same lead: "A State Department employee testified yesterday that he thought it was a good idea to remove information about homosexuals from the Department's personnel files." Farther on in most of the stories there was a passing reference to Peter's anti-Communist background. McCarthy's committee report, published several months later, did not make this concession. It said at one point: "Testimony established that one of the top officials [*sic*] formerly in the Recruitment Branch, now in the Performance Measurement Branch, had been born in 1923, of Russian parents in the Russian Embassy in Constantinople."

Afterward there were gloomy hours of post-mortem. Peter, still convinced that he had given the only honest answer, freely conceded that he had fallen into a trap. A belligerent friend, angered by rumors being spread among the newsmen by Roy Cohn, urged Rostov, "Next week go up there and tell them that you feel so strongly about homosexuality that you're all for kicking out any employees who reach forty without getting married," an unsubtle dig at two subcommittee members who were still bachelors.

How to handle the situation at the next meeting was just as hypothetical as McCarthy's entrapping question had been. By then, the Senator had flushed fresh game. Somebody in the State Department had been dealing harshly with one of his informers, he reported. The Committee went off in search of the culprit, never dismissing Rostov, never mentioning his name again.

FOR DARING to stand up for the policies laid down by his superiors, Peter Rostov was made to appear stupid. Without a single blot on his character or conduct, he was made to appear subversive. Peter Rostov will not be remembered alongside the General Zwickers, the Theodore Kaghans, and the Reed Harrises as a major victim of McCarthy. But his humiliation was no less great.

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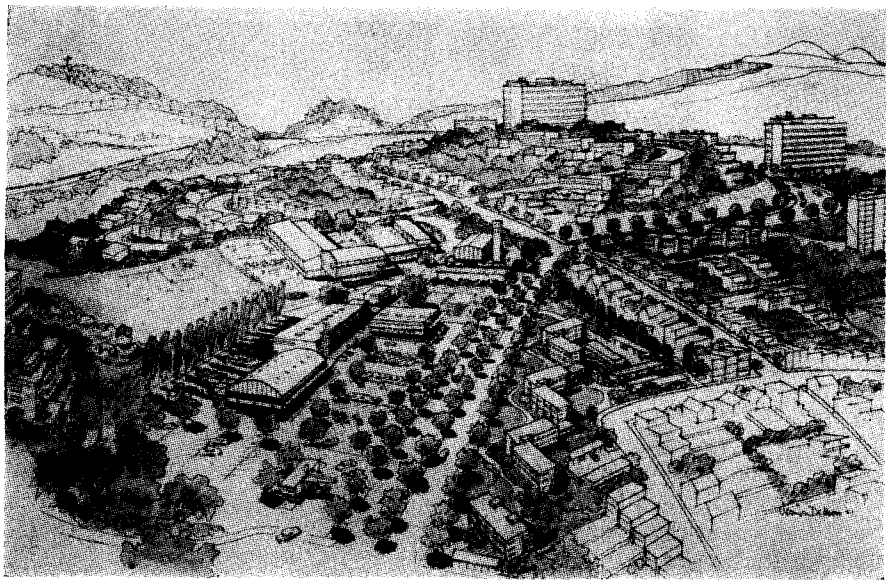

Let's Plan Our Cities Before It's Too Late

ALBERT MAYER

THE Housing Act of 1954 passed by the Eighty-third Congress was feeble and unimaginative. Once again those who believe that American residential areas should be physically and aesthetically adequate to the needs of those who live in them find themselves starting from scratch. One of the perennial puzzles is why this socially vital, tangible, universally felt need is still inadequately supported.

One important clue lies in the fact that what has been produced has been deadly dull, has failed to fire allegiance and enthusiasm either in terms of architectural appeal or of civic solution. An inventory and critique are definitely in order if we are ever to get off dead center—a look back and a look forward.

HOUSING and urban planning as we know them today began to take shape in 1935 as a result of emergency employment requirements. They grew naturally out of the New Deal's ferment of economic and social thinking. Much has been accomplished since. But it all has some of the original character of that period—a series of individual, purely pragmatic solutions, not an over-all well-rounded plan.

In fact, architecture-planning was and is very much the junior element, the element on paper, the pious word. The bathroom is still more important than the neighborhood. The moral satisfaction of slum removal still tends to make people forget the utter dullness—the worthy drabness of endless brick—that has replaced the deplorable gaiety and liveliness of the picaresque slum. And the magic of a million more homes a year by private enterprise still outweighs and obscures the frightful mess and sprawl these new homes are producing in and around our cities: doleful aesthetically, expensive for municipal services and responsible for traffic-congestion problems that may well be insoluble.

Perhaps since much good has been done, much should be forgiven, especially in view of the difficult circumstances in which it was done. But now we have reached a point where emergency is no longer a good enough excuse for bad planning. We can now evaluate what has been done—and we should expect and demand a much better product.

LET US begin by trying to evaluate some of the facets of the work that has been done these last twenty years. Let us put some questions about things that enter into the over-all picture of housing-planning-architecture-living. We must begin with the individual home itself, whether it is the speculator's free-standing Cape Cod house or the apartment in a public housing project, in a Federal Housing Administration "608," or in an insurance-company venture. What effects do these units have on living in our cities and suburbs—intended and unintended? "Urban redevelopment" was launched by the National Housing Act of 1949. What is it beginning to show?

And what about the more or less helpless recipients of all this attention, our cities and urban regions? Billions are being spent on housing. We have plenty of city planning commissions and reports and surveys. But housing is the dynamic element on which the billions are spent. Are these billions being creatively directed toward better living, safety against the atom, safety against the automobile, shortening the unhappy journey to and from work? If not, why not?

Row Upon Row

Low-rent public housing is what most people think of first when housing is mentioned. Actually, it is only a tiny part of this picture—a few hundred thousand units out of well over seven million built since the mid-1930's. It has attracted disproportionate attention because it represents new social and political policy, because vested building interests are frightened by it, and because its projects are generally easy to identify in the vast and undistinguishable sea of speculative housing. We are a good deal more used to that miscellaneous and undistinguishable kind of ugliness.

Curiously, public housing has had little influence on the standards of low-cost speculative housing, closest to it on the economic level and made possible by another branch of the Federal government, the Federal Housing Administration in its insured mortgage program. Its impact is noticeable in some insurance-company housing projects, such as

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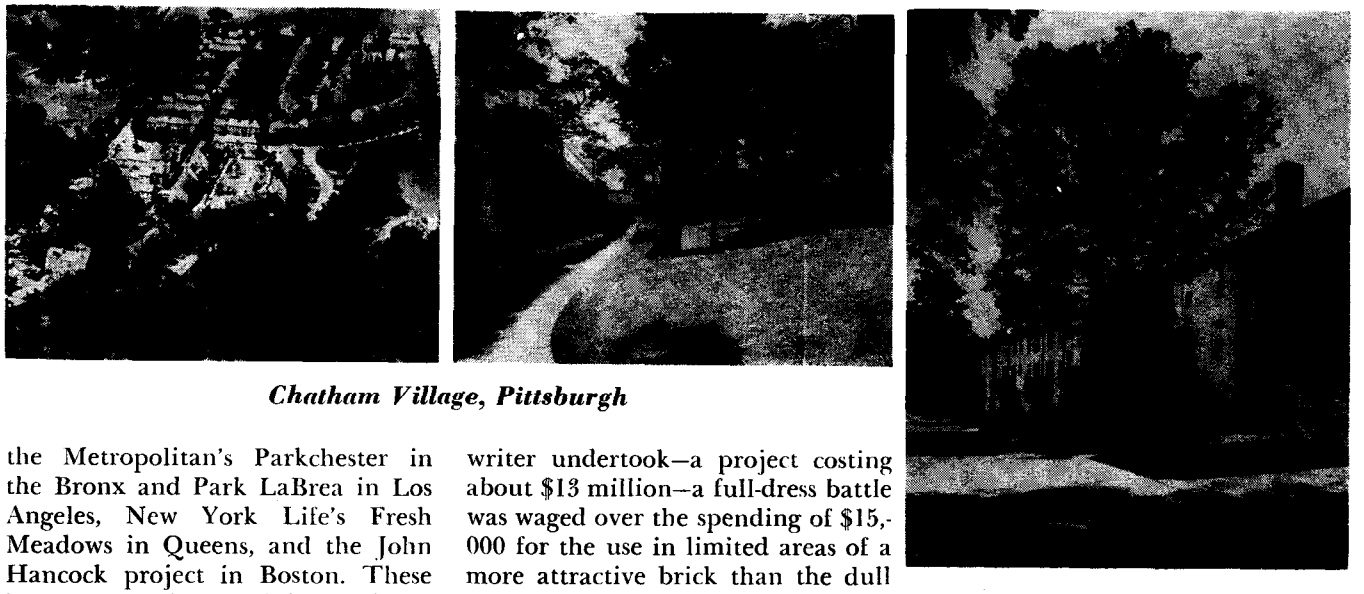

Chatham Village, Pittsburgh

the Metropolitan's Parkchester in the Bronx and Park LaBrea in Los Angeles, New York Life's Fresh Meadows in Queens, and the John Hancock project in Boston. These have learned from public housing a responsibility for incorporating necessary recreational and community facilities. The speculative builder still merrily ignores such "frills." And nobody, neither the FHA, which makes his work possible, nor the city in which he builds, nor the suburb, nor the hitherto mainly agricultural countryside he transforms, makes him do anything about it.

How much architectural beauty and civic inspiration are to be found in these vast new developments? Here we can only shed tears. Whether it is the speculator's monotonous repetition for the lowest income levels, or his equally monotonous pretentious mishmash of Spanish and Regency and Colonial for a higher level, or the institutionalism of the housing-authority or insurance-company projects, they have failed dismally. They have made our urban areas poorer places to live in and look at. And yet some of them were designed by fine architects who have done outstanding work in other fields. Among our equally utilitarian public schools are some of the handsomest and most imaginative contemporary structures. Why the failure in housing? The reasons are roughly these:

¶ Indifference on the part of the agencies or promoters for whom durable, well-plumbered building is the Alpha and Omega.

¶ Obsession with economy, regardless of the negligible effect on cost that would be involved. In the last public housing project this writer undertook—a project costing about $13 million—a full-dress battle was waged over the spending of $15,000 for the use in limited areas of a more attractive brick than the dull red one that had become this particular housing authority's trademark. Glazed white brick in a few focal locations would have provided a welcome contrast. Nothing doing. There was the housing authority's puritanical pride in the sacredness of the fourth decimal place, with the unrelieved red-brick façade as its glorified-poorhouse symbol to face down any possible critic of costs.

¶ Finally, a lack of awareness that what is being constructed is not just a large housing project but a small city: A Parkchester with twelve thousand families, a Fort Greene with thirty-five hundred families, must have the liveliness and counterpoint of the small city.

The individual dwelling unit within these projects is well built and well heated, and it generally doesn't leak. When you have said this much you have said all. Space has been squeezed down excessively so that members of the family are terribly in each other's way; the kids have neither a place to do their lessons in quiet nor a place to play without getting underfoot; storage space is inadequate; the generous old-fashioned kitchen is no more, along with the back porch, the front porch, and the balcony.

Overtight as are the standards of public housing, much private speculative housing is tighter still. There the last square inch must be squeezed out to pay for the phony gable. Room arrangement has become overstandardized as well, although an interior traffic-flow diagram crisscrosses like a confused spider's web. These conditions have come about largely because of the arbitrary standards set by the Federal agencies that control the funds for the building, and because of the premature freezing of such standards. It comes down to a belief that every square foot saved represents a saving in cost—which it doesn't. Architects are not encouraged to experiment in finding individual solutions for the new problems they face.

The Honor Roll

Fortunately, there are fine exceptions to the gloomy picture. These projects show what can be done with sensitivity and the determination to buck encrusted practices. Their costs were *not* excessive. Baldwin Hills Village in Los Angeles, Fresh Meadows in Queens, and Chatham Village in Pittsburgh are very much to the credit of private enterprise. Elm Haven in New Haven, Valencia Housing in San Francisco, De Mars' new project in the San Francisco Bay Area, Holden's project in Greenwich, Connecticut—these go to the credit of public housing. They have architectural distinction without losing the common idiom.

In these projects there is a recognition that standardization need not be endless to attain economy, that there must be some drama and focus, and that the individual can be emphasized without sacrificing the sense of group design. On Chatham Village's difficult and rocky site, there is none of the usual pretense that the middle-class home is a

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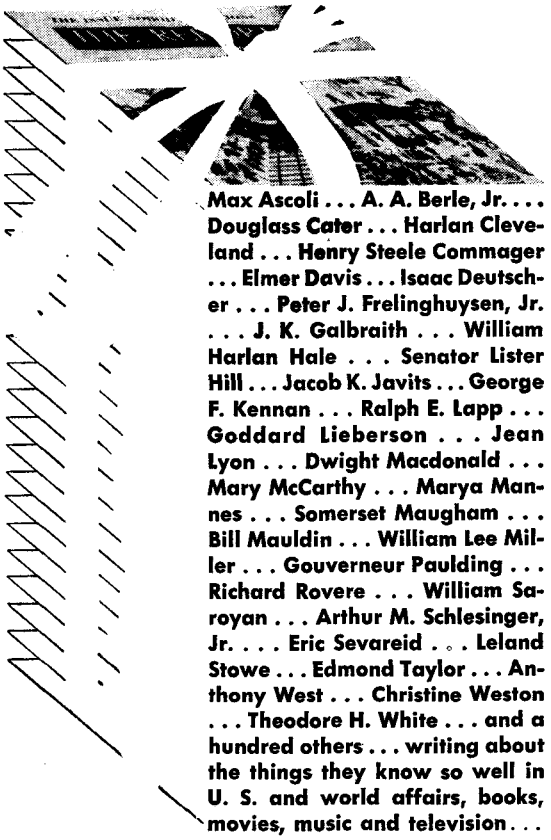
A gift of ideas to share with friends



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THE REPORTER

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Lorain, Ohio

Evansville, Indiana

Ewing Galloway

private estate. But the irregular steep grades are used to create intimate groups and courts within the large project. And after twenty-odd years of growth its landscaping is a delight, proof that planting is the cheapest and best adjunct to urban architecture and living.

On the level site at Baldwin Hills, no attempt has been made to compete with the rugged backdrop. Drama is attained by contrast between the rugged hills and the geometry of the man-made composition. And there too, in spite of its large size (well over a thousand units) and a close-knit urban pattern, each family has its private sun space. In Fresh Meadows the drama results from the contrast between the low two- and three-story family units and the tall apartment buildings. The project's freely curving roads manage to create interest and suspense in the flatness of Long Island.

We must thank the housing authority of Greenwich, Connecticut, and its architects for showing that even public housing can include balconies that are architecturally pleasing and add an urgently needed dimension to urban living. The architects have kept to the humane height of three stories and have achieved a disciplined urbanity by long, clean sight lines. In Philadelphia, Oscar Stonorov was given a steep site whose drama he further exploited by counterpoising two boldly rising tall buildings that command sweeping views over the city and a number of low buildings that cling to the land. There is a choice of tall apartment living or of house living: no assumption that everyone wants to live the same way or that if they do want to live differently they must live in carefully separated and zoned parts of town. And the low buildings protect the views of the apartment dwellers. Here is a symbiosis worth of emulation!

AT LONG LAST some housing authorities themselves are beginning to display a healthy revulsion toward some of their own past practices. In high-rise apartment buildings the Chicago Housing Authority has introduced close-at-hand common play spaces on each floor to supplement the minimal apartment areas. The architects have also broken out of the pattern of one or two stereotyped building shapes and introduced varied forms that permit more attention to orientation for sunlight. In New York the housing authority has at last decided to explore color variations. We need much more of this. We need to applaud and to insist upon more fine exceptions and new trends away from dull standardization.

Sprawling Anarchy

So much for architecture and close living as such. On the larger stage of urban life, the regenerative effects on our cities that were expected from the new large-scale housing projects have just not come about. Whether the new urban redevelopment projects will do better is not yet clear. The private single-home developments and the private speculative "608" rental apartment developments—these are the now-famous "windfall" jobs—are negative as far as orderly urban development goes. They are nothing but aggregations of houses without built-in community facilities. As to location, they have gone farther and farther afield up to and beyond the urban peripheries. They accentuate urban sprawl and increase the traffic dilemma by adding new loads to the roads and other transportation facilities in and out of the central shopping, entertainment, and employment areas. And the extension of public utilities they require often strains municipal finance to the breaking point.

Public-housing projects, mostly located nearer to the centers, have had no such disruptive effect. But since their sites are chosen opportunistically wherever land happens to be available, without regard to each other or to an organically planned city, their over-all effect has been negligible. Originally it was thought that very large scale was important in these projects, so as to establish a new self-contained community atmosphere or neighborhood. And so it could have been. But the result has been unnatural single-income-level enclaves. Given this feature of the authorities' tenant policy, smaller projects coupled with a planning policy for varied incomes are probably better. This would make for more natural and integrated neighborhoods in the American tradition. But no such planning policy now exists.

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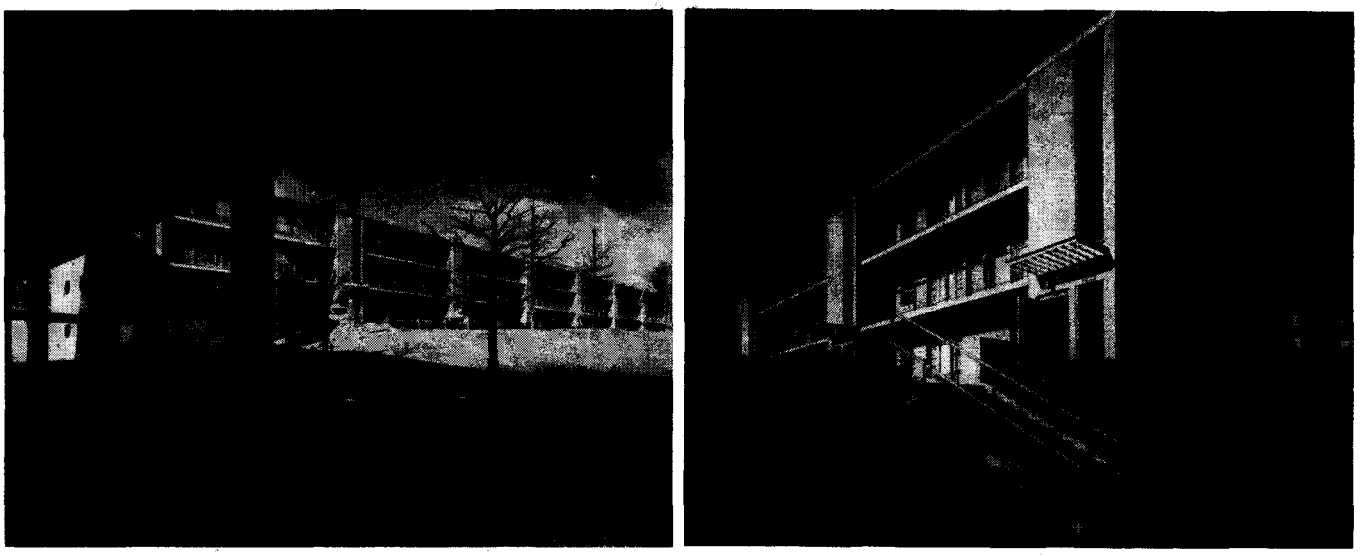

Greenwich, Connecticut Lionel Freedman

A NUMBER of valuable governmental tools have been forged locally and in Washington since the mid-1930's—the creation of over a thousand municipal housing authorities and urban redevelopment agencies, the recognition of housing as a problem for public action, the establishment of the right of land condemnation to achieve these purposes, and the replacement of the vicious second-mortgage system on private homes by the single long-term mortgage. But the new tools have not been used to their full extent and concertedly.

What Can Be Done

Most significant of the new techniques and instruments is the metropolitan or regional-urban plan, long overdue. For really adequate control and rationalization of traffic load, of interrelated residential and industrial or business locations, we must stretch beyond the political boundaries of our municipalities, as port authorities and sewage districts now do. A year ago, Detroit initiated this move. Even before that the Toronto Metropolitan Corporation was formed, a council consisting of Toronto itself and its twelve regional suburbs. This council is financed by its own taxes and a grant of some five million dollars annually from the Provincial Government. It controls and co-ordinates twelve major departments, including housing, planning, roads, transports, utilities, health and welfare, and parks. This is the road to the future.

One other significant development is the greenbelt towns which were built in the late 1930's by the Resettlement Administration. Three were completed: Greenbelt near Washington, Green Hills just out of Cincinnati, and Greendale near Milwaukee. Built on open land, they could be planned at humane densities and in neighborhood units free from traffic. They are of a predetermined size for neighborliness, and their shopping and community centers can be reached without bucking any traffic because of the separate greenways reserved for pedestrians. Lacking local industrial and commercial employment, the greenbelt towns are still only suburbs, though vastly superior suburbs. They are still short of the splendid New Town concept that is now being carried out on a grand scale in England: well-rounded and self-contained communities of considerable size where people can live and work and play off the through-traffic highways and separated by ample open spaces from the sprawl of other communities. Here is a workable and exciting alternative to the dreary prospect of urban and suburban growth by uncontrolled accretion and sprawl.

THESE are the goals we seek and these have been our experiences. But in spite of all, the dynamics of development is still left to the anarchy of private speculators. Every day they are opening up thousands of houses on the fringes of our cities and beyond. Our cities and metropolitan regions are growing more and more chaotic and insolvent. Take a drive around the fringes of any sizable city from New York to San Francisco, from Atlanta to Seattle. Look at our Sunday real-estate sections fat with ads for ranch houses. Things are going to hell much faster and in a much bigger way than our best planning efforts and civic good intentions seem able to catch up with. This is as true of the existing and developing slums in the middle of our cities as it is of the outlying hodgepodge.

Government's Role

What we need now is to get beyond the piecemeal measures, the bold but pragmatic series of attempts of the last twenty years, to examine our housing and industrial and urban and regional problems as a whole, to formulate an integrated program.

Our cities have spilled far beyond their political boundaries. To take traffic alone, the truck and the bus and the passenger car, inching along bumper to bumper and horn to nervous horn, are just as painfully slow and congested whether they are on one side or the other passing over the imaginary political boundary line of the city proper. Every large city urgently needs a metropolitan planning authority. And since the Federal government's loans and guarantees are the basis for all this development, it has the opportunity to require this kind of regional planning effort.

But it is obvious from the views expressed by this Administration and

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from the bill that has been passed that the approach is still limited and piecemeal. Mainly, what we are now getting is merely a shift in emphasis —from new construction to rehabilitation and conservation. This is not necessarily a bad move in itself. The tragedy lies in its inadequacy. Public housing? Only a negligible thirty-five thousand units are provided for. Research? The small funds set aside in the past have been cut out entirely. (In Britain, government research on school buildings has yielded results hailed everywhere for economy and beauty.)

Good and bad, it is just another patchwork, just another shot at a policy, nothing really statesmanlike. Thus, nothing is to be done about the problem of decentralization, although it is being shouted about from the housetops by the President's own Civil Defense Administration and supported by many planners as the best solution for peace or war. No requirements are to be made that the further expansion of FHA's help to speculative housing be conditioned on the provision of community facilities and on the area's being covered by a viable metropolitan regional plan—before our urban regions become even more hopelessly and irrevocably snarled.

What of new towns as a more satisfactory solution than indefinite urban expansion? How about reexamining the excessively minimal minimum space-living standards on Federally financed projects, public and private, and revising them humanely upward?

These are the challenges now. This is the second half of the twentieth century. We must grow into the opportunities, and no mistake about it. It is indeed later than you think.

URBAN-SUBURBAN chaos is not just something that happened once in the past, and that's too bad. It is going on at an accelerating pace. Not long ago I looked at Milpitas, a recently rural area of San Francisco that had been turned into a madhouse because of the imminent construction of a new Ford plant. I have been in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, near the new steel plants. I could cite fifty other instances. I know, and I shudder.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Losses

WILLIAM SAROYAN

I HAVE BEEN reading around in Maxim Gorky's *Reminiscences of Tolstoy*. I had read around in the book several times before, over a period of seven or eight years. The first time I read the book I knew I would be reading it again. I do not believe I have read it straight through yet, and I think I know why. I don't want writing like that to end. I only want it to be there. Only night before last, for instance, did I read the Introduction by Mark Van Doren. For me writing like that is better without beginning or end. It is beautiful writing. There is no other word by which to describe it.

My reading of Gorky has evoked memories of all kinds, including the broken promise of the Russians in Moscow in 1935 to allow me to go with the Armenian poet Charentz to see Gorky—because I had written my impressions of Soviet Russia truthfully. That was a great loss to me.

In 1900 Chekhov urges Gorky in a letter to go to India. Gorky says he does not want to go to India. Why should he? Chekhov tells him that it will not take long to go to India and come back, and then forever after he will have India to remember. On sleepless nights it will be a great comfort.

I knew (when Charentz told me that Gorky was receiving writers of every nationality in the Soviet Union) that I wanted to see Gorky too. I hadn't read his writing straight through. I wasn't a Gorky expert. I didn't in fact especially like his novels, but I had read some of his short stories and *The Lower Depths* and some of his *Childhood*. I wanted to see Gorky. Charentz said I would. The Russians of Moscow asked me to write my impressions. I wrote them. Charentz told me I had been prohibited from visiting Gorky on account of what I had written. I argued with the Russians of Moscow for two hours, but in the end I did not see Gorky, and he died, and I have never seen him.

The memory of that loss—and I consider it a great one, a very great one indeed, although I only meant to look at him from a distance, to watch him move, to listen to him speak—the memory of that loss brought memories of other losses, and I have gotten up out of bed to sit down and write them.

THE DEATH of my father before I was three was not a loss because I did not know about death at all, but I put it down first, as if it were the first loss, even though it was not a loss of any kind at all until a number of years later when I began to understand death.

I did not lose pride when I broke down and wept because my mother had left me in the waiting room adjoining the office of the orphanage in Oakland to which I was taken several months later, but I put this down second because it happened, and it constituted a loss of pride, whether I knew it or not.

My mother worked as a housemaid in San Francisco and out of her earnings sent me an inexpensive pair of blue coveralls that I was proud of —because they were a gift from my mother. I outgrew them and saw them one day on a smaller boy, and he had wet his pants. I became angry at him both for wearing the coveralls and for wetting them, and I complained about this to the Superintendent of the orphanage. I put this third because it constituted the loss of something. Understanding, love, charity, compassion, brotherliness. The Superintendent rebuked me, and I hated him for it, and lost nothing by hating him, for I had a right to hate him, and a reason to do so, even though he was right. But I was four and he was forty-four.

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These are odds and ends of losses, I suppose. I have, as a matter of fact, been thinking about another order of losses entirely. It is just that losses are losses, and thinking about one kind puts you to thinking about all kinds, or any kind. For instance, I lost a lot of dignity when I began to go to public schools. That is to say, the teachers belittled me because I was not a comfortable person to have in a class. I was bored and showed it, and the teachers resented this.

Somewhere along the line I lost faith, too—faith in people, in their integrity, in their honesty, in their goodness. I lost faith in other things, too. For instance, I had always loved America, for it was the only place I knew, but when my belief that I was an American was corrected by adults occupying important positions I lost faith in America, too. I was an American of course, they said—but just a moment. Wasn't I an Armenian? Yes, of course. Silence, and the memory that in Fresno an Armenian is an outcast.

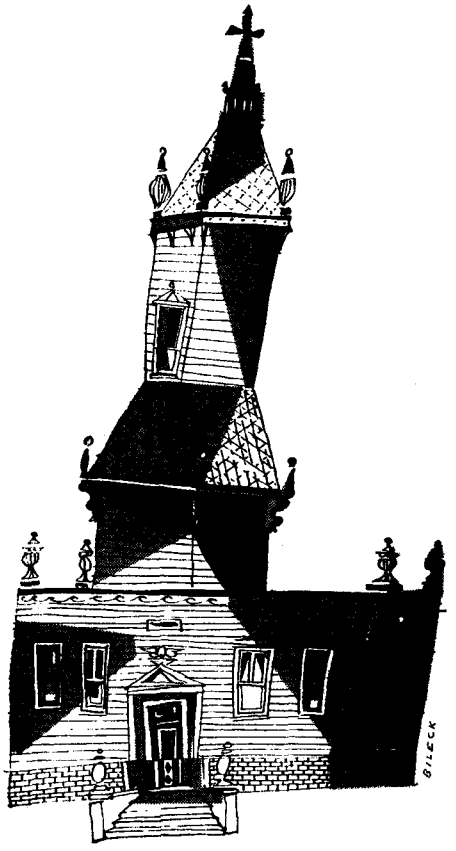
In thinking about losses (even as I continued to read Gorky) I also thought about how I have balanced them. I suppose the loss of my father was balanced when I became my own father, as I did, I suppose; and when I rejected the church-Godfather but accepted God as my father; and when I thought of writers like Dickens and Maupassant as my father.

One day I lost a badge that had cost me that very day one dollar. It was a badge worn by the boys of Fresno who sold the Fresno *Evening Herald*. I never found that badge, although I looked all over town for it. Vahan Minasian, my mother's sister's husband, balanced that loss for me. He said, *"Sahgh m'nah koo jan."* Literally, "Long live your soul." Or, "A loss like that is nothing. It is not a loss in the soul."

In my youth I thought I lost a lot of valuable time, but I may have been mistaken. I was always eager to get full value out of time, so to put it, and this eagerness probably made me feel that I was losing time, that I had lost time. During the flu epidemic that killed so many people in Fresno when I was a small boy I came down with the sickness too, but I don't remember having felt that I lost time while I was ill. I remember trying very hard to understand illness and death, for they are variations of the same thing—but not simple things at all, and very difficult to talk about. When I was only eleven or twelve I lost a tooth. I have never balanced that terrible loss. The only thing I gained from that loss was the wisdom that I—I myself—was a thing in which mysterious decay could take place against my will or wish, a very vulnerable thing, a thing perishing even while it was not yet fully formed, like an unripe apple with a small worm in it.

I lost no money at all, as money is lost when it falls through a hole in the pocket or is stolen, but I gambled with money and lost quite a bit of it. Very often, more often than not, whenever I gambled I lost all the money I had. I balanced such losses by not gambling for a while and by working very hard, especially after I had become a writer. The reason I wrote *The Human Comedy* in eleven days, for instance, was that I had gone to Las Vegas and in one night had lost three thousand dollars, which at that time was a lot of money. Before I was broke, though, I made fifty-dollar bets at crap tables for men who were broke at three o'clock in the morning, and I won many of those bets, and handed many of those men fifty silver dollars. I was showing my contempt for money, and for what it did to men. I was showing off, too. I stopped showing off, or at any rate slowed down, the three years I was in the Army. I didn't stop entirely, but it wasn't the same thing at all. If I had lost the need or wish or ability to show off, I would have lost a very valuable thing, I think, and I can't imagine how I would be able to balance that loss, although I do not for a minute believe it cannot be balanced. It probably can, and probably should.

Every time I bought real esate, I lost. I balanced those losses as I balanced losses at gambling, by extra work. I bought a house on a hill overlooking a river in Fresno a few years after I got out of the Army, because I had illusions of using the money I had in fixing the place up, using it for a while, and selling it for a profit. The real-estate man said it was a steal. He said the whole forty acres of barren land was composed of something he called puma tile, or some such thing, an ashy soil out of which bricks are made for the building of homes. He said the brickmakers would do all the work and pay me so much a ton. He said I could always get my money back any time I wanted to. But when I wanted my money back six months later I got back less than five thousand for the seventeen thousand five hundred I had paid. The Internal Revenue



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didn't allow the loss as a deduction, either.

But what is a loss? Is there in fact any such thing? Gorky (who put me to thinking of losses) died one year after I was prohibited from seeing him. He lost his life, as the saying is. He speaks in 1900 of his two-year-old son, whom he refers to as a charlatan shouting at his mother to leave the room immediately. Was the loss of Gorky's life balanced by that boy, now fifty-six years old, if in fact he himself has not lost his life, or his mind, or something else entirely canceling? We do not hear of anybody known as Maxim Gorky's son.

Gorky hated Tolstoy, and Tolstoy knew it, and they loved one another in a way that is altogether understandable. Gorky hated Tolstoy's need to spread his "religion," which was a silly one as far as Gorky was concerned, but he kept noticing that Tolstoy himself, apart from his foot-kissing cultists, was a man with a great and true soul, the only man Gorky had ever met who was God-like. Is this open mixing of hate and love a kind of Russian thing that should be looked into? Gorky was a kind of national hero and shrine of the young Soviet Union. Did he find the Russians of his last years different from the Russians of his early ones? I wonder. Is it impossible to deal with the Russians, as popular opinion seems to believe? I suppose it is if popular opinion says so, but there is also the chance that popular opinion ought to read a little of Gorky and then decide for itself.

WHAT is to be lost from thinking as well of the Russians as we tend to think of ourselves, for instance? Or from thinking as little of ourselves as we are able to think of the Russians or anybody else? I can see no possibility of any loss at all. But if I am mistaken, and there *can* be a loss, and if the loss is apt to be a loss of money—well, that's another thing. A money loss you can always balance by a little extra work. And when you discover you can do a little extra work, you have discovered that you are not yet seriously sick, and not yet too old for the game, and that is a good discovery for a young man or an old man, a young nation or an old nation.

ANY RESEMBLANCE . . .
Lady Chatterer's Lover

MARYA MANNES

IN NO ERA could it have been more felicitous for Kitty McCaffery to be born than this one, for it is the first in which women have been paid to talk. This is the most natural and requires the least effort of all feminine activities. And because of the ease of this flow, nobody thought it worth buying until the gods of mass communication realized they had to fill sixteen hours of air seven days a week. It was then that chatter become a commodity.

Kitty started young. Irish and French blood loosened her tongue at

the age of three, so that when Father bent over to tickle her under the chin, gurgling "Kitsy Witsy, Daddy's bitsy," she eyed him coldly and said, "I bet you say that to all the girls."

The family was so entranced by her snappy comebacks that whenever friends were in the McCaffery house, Kitty would prance in unbidden, dimples and all, and pipe her little impudences at them. Whether they enjoyed them or not, they gave every evidence of doing so, for Mr. McCaffery was the head of a corporation which—in the tentacular way of such powers—usually touched on some sensitive part of their lives.

By the age of eighteen, Kitty was not only used to audiences but was acquainted with most of the celebrities in town, and it was not long before she combined these assets by writing a column for teen-agers in one of the newspapers in which her father happened to hold stock. The fact that she could not write a coherent sentence (transition from item to item was made possible only by the dash or exclamation point), and that her command of verbs was confined to "is" and "said," was irrelevant. She could babble in print every day for five hundred words, a hundred of which were proper names. That was enough.

Pandit to Popovers

For a man, the next step would have been political prophecy; but Kitty was attractive, in a Stork Club way, and her career (although not her column) was momentarily interrupted by a husband and child. But Kitty was no fool. Her husband was an account executive with an advertising firm, and it was a happy coincidence that his field was radio and television, especially happy in that electronics could give Kitty what the printed page could not: freedom of garrulity without the painful confinement of syntax.

When Bobby was five, therefore, and Kitty had elevated her column from teen-agers to Broadway (by the insertion of older names and dramatic criticism), she began to conduct a fifteen-minute daily radio program called "Lunch with Kitty." She had a guest every day, and her list ranged from Madame Pandit to a woman who had a secret recipe for popovers. Ostensibly these were interviews. But by the time Kitty got through showing hand-beaded cocktail mats and describing last night's party, Bobby's latest crack, and her friends' latest triumphs, the guest had barely two minutes to speak of isotopes or Kentucky ballads. Deceived by happier experiences with

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women commentators of more substance and humility, and by Kitty's uncontrollable eagerness to hear of such matters ("Now, tell us all about the wonderful things you're doing for delinquency!"), he or she would finally embark on the topic only to be cut off in the middle of the second sentence. "Oh, isn't this awful," Kitty would say, jingling her many bracelets, "our time's running out."

But *her* time never runs out. Today she has not only "Lunch with Kitty" but two television programs, one a daily "Kitty Corner," unhampered by guests, and one a weekly panel show called "Secret Urge." On the sound assumption that everybody has one, the panel's function is to find out what it is, and Kitty and her colleagues manage inevitably to analyze their own urges as well as the guests'. This is done to the accompaniment of convulsive private merriment, for which they are handsomely paid.

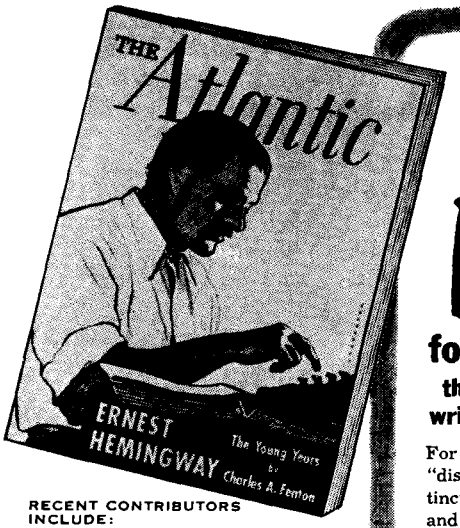
It is really in "Kitty Corner," however, that talk is triumphant. Even for the garrulous, twelve minutes is a long time to fill, but Kitty never feels the need of drawing breath. So much *happens* to her! She knows so many *people!* She sees so many *things!* Drabbo is so *wonderful!*

Gaily, relentlessly, Kitty shares with her large audience every waking moment of her life. These have included the birth of her second child (she looked adorable the morning after in her DaisyMode bed jacket), the decision to change from double to twin beds, and the state of her husband's pajama tops.

IT MUST be conceded that Kitty can be amusing. It would be virtually impossible not to develop a certain associative quickness, a certain basic adroitness, after thirty years of circulation in an extrovert society, especially for one so shrewd, nerveless, and confident as Kitty.

There, perhaps, is the vital word: confidence. Kitty believes profoundly that what she is and what she does is so fascinating that it must be offered to as wide a public as possible. Since several million people a day listen to her on radio and look at her on television, the public must agree with her.

The captious exceptions are prone to wonder why. If, idly curious, they



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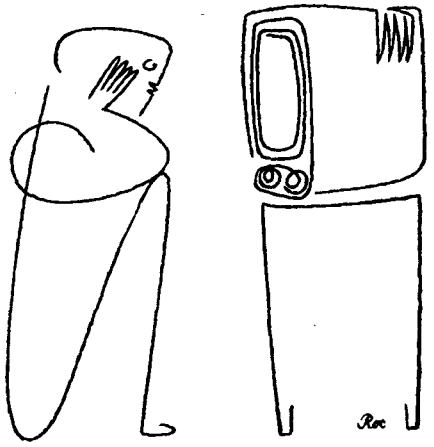
tune in to her now and then, they see a woman who is neither very pretty nor very intelligent nor very interesting, talking the smallest kind of talk minute after minute. They see a woman without privacy or inhibition engaged in nothing but selling: selling of self. Here is the human department store, its doors wide open, the counters piled with goods, the people streaming in and out. In the window displays are her husband, her children, her family, and what few intimacies her life permits. And the lights are never out, even at night when the store is empty.

IT MIGHT console the unconverted to believe that Kitty's professional success is achieved at the expense of her personal relationships; that her husband is resentful, her children warped by overexposure, her family wincing in the glare. But such is not the case. They expand like flowers in the sun of her publicity. Her husband has been made vice-president of his firm, her relatives get the best tables at night clubs, and her son is the most popular boy in the class because of his poor scholastic record and limitless supply of TV tickets. Thanks to her and to an age that equates Power with Publicity, they are the new Privileged. When Kitty visits the White House, baptizes a new atomic pile, or covers the latest Congressional inquiry, they are right there, beaming. To no one does it seem strange that they have achieved their eminence solely by existing.

To no one, that is, except the captious few who turn off Kitty's flow when they accidentally tune in on her. But then, she never knows that; and what you don't know can't hurt you.



My Unmelancholy Dane—II

BILL MAULDIN

THE ONLY TIMES I've seen Eric, our dignified 180-pound Great Dane, act like a damn fool is with little animals. He's a sucker for Dachshunds, and every runt dog for a mile around has left his mark on the big fellow at one time or another. They usually bite him on the lip, and he just stands there bloody-mouthed and screws up his face like he's going to cry. He was only sniffing to be friendly. Couldn't they see his tail wagging?

Occasionally a little dog will get cocky after one of these encounters and come back to teach that overgrown sissy another lesson. Eric allows two or three of these passes before he gets resentful, and even then he doesn't get nasty—he just pins the whippersnapper down with a paw and rumbles at it, then stands there sadly and watches it run away with its tail tucked in.

He caught a mouse once, and like John Steinbeck's Lenny he killed it with kindness, although I couldn't tell by watching whether he hugged it to death or drowned it by licking. Last spring there was a nest of little rabbits under a Norway spruce, and the big dog would catch one of the babies, bat it down with his paw, say hello, and let it go. Those bunnies developed iron nerves over the summer.

Eric caught the mother one day. She was hopping across a little field, and he bounded amiably along beside her, mimicking her jump for jump, and every time she'd try evasive action and dart to one side he'd step over her and be waiting by the time she finished the turn. After a minute or so of this she just laid herself down resignedly and said her prayers, looking like a scared Disney creation with its paws over its head.

Eric lay down too, a foreleg on each side of the rabbit, and tried to make conversation. She wouldn't talk. He nudged her, grinning, and she huddled lower. He waited. After a long, long time, during which I came right up to the scene, she opened an eye and looked up. Considering what she was going through, my added presence didn't bother her a bit. She reached out tentatively and wiggled a half inch away from Eric. Could it be? She kept moving; what the hell did *she* have to lose? The Dane didn't stir; he just looked after her, the tip of his tail wagging slightly, while she scurried frantically for cover. At the edge of the field she hesitated for one last incredulous look over her shoulder before disappearing.

YOU CAN see that a dog like this is going to be stupid about skunks. He gets dosed exactly once every year, usually in the fall, when the skunks start moving down the cold mountain to get warmer and also closer to the garbage cans. The Dane rushes up in greeting; the skunk does the obvious. Eric always gets it bad, because he moves faster than the skunk thinks and the blast is delivered at point-blank range, so that the dog's huge head blocks the spray from spreading and it all goes into his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. I've actually witnessed his annual shot on two occasions, and both times I thought he grunted in chagrin as well as pain. Skunked again.

He rubs his head in the dirt and grass until he's wiped the worst of it off and can see again, then he comes to the door and asks to be admitted. Each time it happens there is a worried family council, and he always gets in. After all, it could be worse—imagine every square yard of him saturated. My wife says the children never seem to get colds during Eric's fumigation. He sleeps in different places around the house, but he always likes to be in somebody's bedroom when in a stinking condition, undoubtedly because misery wants company. The only time he was ever banished to the garage was after his second or third skunking, when he got stubborn about using the smallest baby's room and the poor kid couldn't sleep for gasping and choking.

Touched by Eric's attempts at friendship with wild creatures, we got him a kitten some time ago for his

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very own pet. It was a great success at first; the pair ate, slept, and rambled together. Pretty soon the little tomcat caught on that he had an invincible bodyguard and became a regular bully, tangling with bigger cats and even chasing occasional dogs. But he went too far and began to torment Eric himself, clinging to drapes and dropping on his friend's head, and hiding on the stairs and taking a swipe at him as he walked past. This made the Dane feel silly, and so he ended the friendship. The two still dwell peaceably enough in the same house, but now the cat has to fight his own wars outside.

As he gets older, Eric begins to show some signs of becoming a stuffed shirt. He knows he cuts a fine, Sphinxlike figure lying in front of a fireplace—forepaws primly stretched straight out together, great head erect, ears pricked up, huge brow furrowed with the world's worries, and a distinguished gray creeping through the black muzzle. Lately he has taken to pulling the Noble Beast act whenever we have guests in any season. But a shedding Dane sprawled in front of a cold fireplace in summer has nowhere near the effect of winter's sleek Dane by blazing logs, and it puzzles him when he doesn't get murmurs of appreciation in sultry weather. He turns, squirms, and preens; he stretches, sighs, and resettles himself, looking expectant, then worried, then finally offended, and he stalks from the room, sometimes belching petulantly.

The whitening muzzle is not the only warning that Eric won't be around forever. Danes age much faster than most dogs anyway, and at six our old boy has already had a bout with crippling arthritis and now has to take synthetic cortisone pills with his meals. This almost doubles his upkeep, and when we figure it by the year it's pretty appalling. But we spend more on tobacco and liquor, and when we look at that pompous old saint buried under a whooping tangle of rowdy little boys who'd be the death of a lesser dog, we don't even try to match him against a few lousy coins each day. If times get tough, the bourbon and cigarettes will have to go, that's all. I can pay no higher tribute to an animal.

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ALBERT BADLER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of October, 1954.

[SEAL] Robert E. Rosin, Notary Public.
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Queen Victoria's Dear Lord M

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

MELBOURNE, by David Cecil. *Bobbs-Merrill. $5.*

A MAN will say that the old—meaning of course the good—world started to end in 1914. That will be true enough, and it is certainly less tiresome to listen to men afflicted with nostalgia than to those who deafen and depress us with their premonition of democracy's or freedom's or their own undecipherable future. For one thing, the nostalgic may have in mind at least some pleasurable images of the past. If they have not, there are sources in painting, literature, and history to which they may turn—whereas the anticipatory must rely on science fiction.

The trouble with nostalgia is that it tends to make us see generalizations and patterns in history that do not exist. The only valid historical patterns are those peculiar to each individual viewing the world at the time of his own existence. The old, the good world dies whenever the living think it dead: Thus in the fifth century, St. Augustine, nourished in the classical tradition, saw Greece and Rome and Alexandria vanish forever; thus the French King returning, after the Revolution and Napoleon, to that impossibility that is called a "restoration," found that the Parisians acclaimed him in a pronunciation he could hardly understand; and thus Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, and confidant until the Prince Consort took his place, lived in an age that is for us the embodiment of security—and was himself convinced that security had been lost to Britain even before the Queen came to the throne. This was because between his youth and his rise to the Prime Ministry factory chimneys had risen too. Dimly, but with more prescience than most of his prospering contemporaries, he knew that industrialization meant the end of a world—the world he loved.

"ODDLY enough, he did not come from an aristocratic family" is, oddly enough, the first sentence in the first chapter of this book by an author who might well have omitted such an undisguised invitation to remember his own peculiarly noble lineage. "By the stringent standards of the age the Lambs were parvenus. Their fortunes had been founded three generations before . . ." The stringent standards were swiftly overcome by Melbourne's mother. (For quite a time, he was William Lamb, but we're not going to get mixed up in that business of younger sons and for us he's Lord Melbourne, and Lady Caroline Lamb, whose lovely face appears on this page, was his wife.) Lady Melbourne's ambition and charms could not be resisted. Indeed, the author suggests that the latter were so great as to enable Melbourne to escape any danger of inheriting the dullness of the gentleman whose name he bore.

Lady Caroline Lamb

"Melbourne House was recognized as one of the liveliest social centres in London. Day after day the great doors opened and shut to admit the cleverest men and the most fascinating women in the town: untidy, delightful Fox; Sheridan, sparkling and a little drunk; . . . the Duchess of Devonshire and her sister Lady Bessborough. . . ."

Young Melbourne frequented Devonshire House. "Life there. . . . passed in a dazzling, haphazard confusion of routs, balls, card parties, hurried letter-writings, fitful hours of talk and reading. . . . Here in the flesh was the exquisite eighteenth century of Gainsborough, all flowing elegance, and melting glances and shifting silken colour. . . . the Duchess and her sister. . . . danced till dawn, they gambled wildly, they mourned and rejoiced with equal lack of restraint. . . . into love they flung themselves with reckless abandon. Love was indeed their vocation, the centre and mainspring of their lives.

"From earliest youth to the threshold of old age the ladies of Devonshire House had always an affair of the heart on hand, ranging from light flirtation to the most agonizing drama of passion. For privilege did not save them from suffering. How should it, blown about as they were by every gust of desire and without the slightest vestige of self-control? The life of feeling does not make for happiness in this rough world."

THE BRIDE Melbourne took out of Devonshire House would have destroyed most men. Instead, Caroline Ponsonby, Lady Bessborough's daughter, made Melbourne a man to admire. She made him unhappy; perhaps unhappiness was needed to temper his skepticism and assurance.

Lady Caroline carried the "Devonshire House drawl" to the point where a rival said, "she baas like a little sheep." She was very beautiful. As bright women are apt to do, she thought her husband prosaic. It was her misfortune that she then happened upon Lord Byron. With him she played at passion—a desperate game, far more destructive than the emotion itself. Soon the first delight at so fashionable a seduction wore away, and Byron dropped her. The fact is Byron liked to write about romanticism, not live it. He had some difficulty in dropping her. Even when she could no longer hope to hold him—he was spending more

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and more time in the delightful company of her husband's mother—Lady Caroline, braving society, exposed for all to see the hurt he had brought her, pursued him to his rooms dressed in boy's clothes, wrote, pleaded, had hysterics.

Melbourne began a legal separation, then relented, sent her to France. She returned. He suffered her rages and treated with unceasing tenderness this creature less well equipped than were the ladies of Devonshire House to withstand betrayal. He even undertook to place her libelous novel about him with a publisher. In 1828 she died.

One cannot twice go through such an experience. Melbourne was a man made for women and so, in due course, there was the Hon. Mrs. Norton—she too was named Caroline—and a scandalous trial that nevertheless left his reputation intact.

But the great ladies of his youth were dead. The lights in Carlton House, Devonshire House, Melbourne House were dimmed. Toward the end there was the young Queen, and a brief moment in which tenderness, all passion spent, could find expression. Then Albert came upon the scene, and Melbourne quit it.

THE OLD, the good world was now gone entirely. Melbourne lived on in one of the stately homes of England, not yet mocked by Noel Coward. In the autumn he walked in its park, listening to ghostly conversations—and to the cawing of the rooks. "The rooks are my delight," he once told the Queen. He was sixty-nine when he died.

It is for his character that Melbourne will be remembered. It was one that is typical of the eighteenth century, and a man possessed of it was bound to be dismayed at the appearance of one more in the innumerable series of new worlds. His biographer sums up the spirit that informed Melbourne's statesmanship. "The words 'delay,' 'put off,' 'postpone' echo through his letters and speeches like a series of Wagnerian leitmotifs." Like German generals blowing up bridges to hinder, if only momentarily, the invaders, Melbourne yielded odds and ends of reform. Unlike the German generals', however, his delaying actions, continued by his successors, were not a failure. The British passed through the Industrial Revolution without chaos, with a minimum of violence, and without ever permitting the dread words "right" and "wrong" to become irrevocably identified with either a party of reaction or a party of revolution.

BOOK NOTES

Wilde's Centenary and Progeny

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE, edited and with an introduction by G. F. Maine. *Dutton. $4.95.*

SON OF OSCAR WILDE, by Vyvyan Holland. *Dutton. $3.75.*

THE UNHAPPY PRINCE has come into his own again. His existence, and by implication his eminence, has even received official recognition: On October 16 a group including T. S. Eliot, Sacheverell Sitwell, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Lord Alfred Douglas's nephew, and Wilde's son attended the unveiling of a London County Council plaque at 34 Tite Street, Chelsea, inscribed "Oscar Wilde, 1854-1900, wit and dramatist, lived here." The occasion was the centenary of Wilde's birth, though most references perpetuate his vain little deception that he was two years younger. A few days later these two books were published.

In the 1120 pages of the *Works,* the variegated flowers of Wilde's wayward genius, showy but faded, are preserved. From an astonishing proliferation of less than two decades, the editor has culled the weeds and stunted growths, leaving the favorites of our undergraduate years—the plays, *Dorian Gray,* poems and essays —and the revealing *De Profundis.*

VYVYAN HOLLAND, Wilde's surviving son, was born in the Tite Street house in 1886. Less than nine years later came the debacle, and the children, Vyvyan and his elder brother Cyril, never saw or were allowed to communicate with their father again. Constance Wilde's family had their name changed to Holland and packed the three off to the Continent, where Mrs. Wilde died three years later.

Most of *Son of Oscar Wilde* tells

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of the boys' incredibly casual and rootless upbringing in boarding schools and with relatives distant in more ways than one. Cyril, the more embittered, entered the army, dedicated to proving his manliness and vindicating the family name he might not even bear. Probably he welcomed the German bullet that killed him in 1915. The gentler Vyvyan, a convert to Catholicism after years in Jesuit schools, was in a nearby trench as a volunteer soldier. He had become a lawyer, not from vocation (he would have preferred the priesthood or engineering) or from his relatives' choice (they wanted him out of sight, in the Far Eastern foreign service) but because during the last few years of his desultory education, at Cambridge, he had read law. "Whereas in Law half the experts were always wrong, in Political Economy no one ever seemed to be right. The authorities all had different theories and contradicted one another . . ."

After the war Vyvyan turned to letters, always revering the memory of the father who had built brick houses for his boys in the Tite Street nursery. His identity was by now an open secret, and he had long since been taken up by Oscar's old friends. It is obvious that he did not inherit the Wilde brilliance—the preceding quote is his nearest approach to an epigram—but his circumstantial and pathetic account has all the sincerity whose lack was a fatal flaw in his father's life and *Works*.

Four Women

THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE, by Lesley Blanch. *Simon and Schuster*. $5.

WITH flourish, wit, and unobtrusive research, an Englishwoman has written of four nineteenth-century women who chose love as a career and the East as their spiritual, emotional, and temporal home. They are Isabel Burton, Jane Digby, Aimée Dubucq de Rivery, and Isabelle Eberhardt. To any not defeminized by the times, Miss Blanch's admiration must be contagious. For although much in the lives of these fabulous women was either unbelievably difficult or bitter or humiliating, such was the sweep and courage of their love that it makes the sensible arrangements of today bloodless and small. These women, bold as lions, sought fulfillment in the lives of men, where today their sisters seek adjustment to the world of men.

Of the four portraits, the first—a double one—is the most fascinating, for Richard Burton, the great adventurer and Orientalist, is certainly the most tempestuous masculine evocation to rise from the printed page in many seasons. Nor was any man more beset by twin agents of destruction: his own character and the suffocating love of Isabel.

The life of Jane Digby, far more attractive than Isabel's, is a potent argument for polyandry as practiced with passion, grace, and innocence. Isabelle Eberhardt is a case history in the degradation of a talented and mortally disturbed woman. Aimée Dubucq de Rivery, the most tenuously treated of the four through lack of documentation, lived a life fit for CinemaScope and Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, which has acknowledged this fact tangibly.

Passion, erudition, camel bells, sheiks, and Arab slums—these are a heady mixture when they are handled with Miss Blanch's astute and ironic sympathy.

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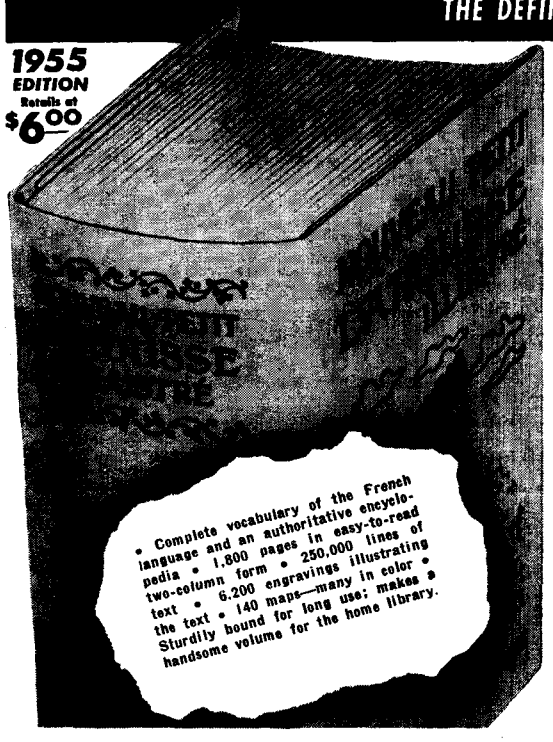
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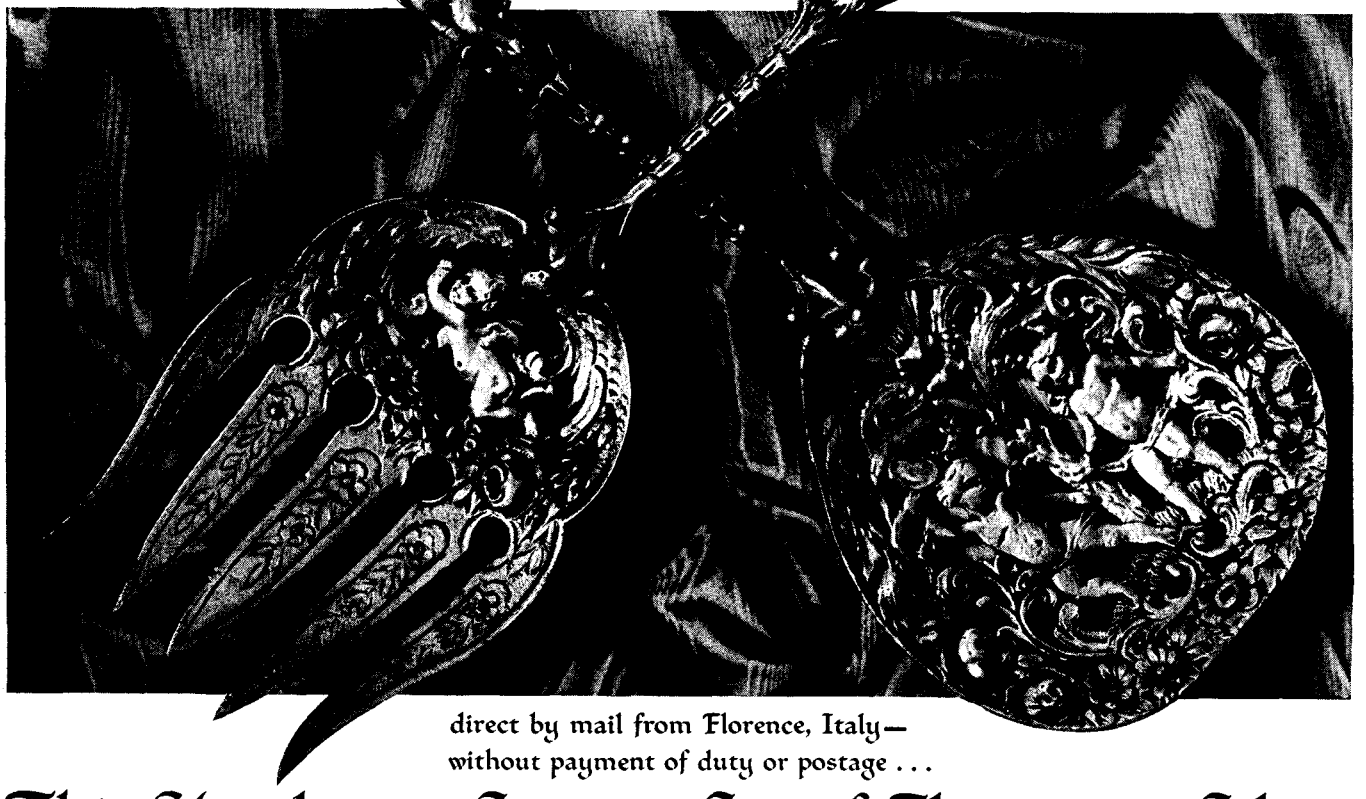

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